JOHNSON CITY IN 37601
E TENN ST UNIV
PERIOD DEPT
HERROD LIB
1318

The Nation.

November 25, 1978 $1

NOV 27 1978
6280
2-

EDITORIAL

A MANDATE TO MARK TIME

The two best lines about the 1978 election come from California—not from Hollywood gag writers but from practicing politicians of the governing sort.

"There were no liberals in this campaign," said Ronald Reagan. And his successor, Governor Brown, called himself a "born-again tax-cutter."

Reagan must have smiled with pleasure as he got off his squib about a conservative's dream come true. Jerry Brown was perhaps entitled to a smirk as he contemplated the breathtaking result (winning by 1.3 million votes) of his gymnastic feat of reversing himself in midair and landing back on the Proposition 13 trapeze he had once let fall.

A more serious man delivered a more serious line. Sen. Dick Clark of Iowa, surely one of the best Senators in a generation, said on the eve of his defeat by 2 percentage points that "liberalism is kind of hunkered down right now—it's on the defensive." What is notable about that apart from its accuracy is that Clark was almost the only candidate in this midterm election who dared to use that old term, "liberalism." It was out of fashion. The pack's term was "conservatism," though winners and losers bearing that standard had trouble defining it.

In Clark's case the content of the "conservatism" that beat him was called "Right to Life." He had dared to say that he was against a constitutional amendment that would vastly extend the state's intervention in private lives by forbidding abortion. That was one corrupting definition of conservatism in this election. There were plenty of others. They ranged from tax-cutting nostrums to proposals to increase military spending in ways that rattled sabers and budgets.

(Continued on Page 563)

HOW CITIBANK 'PARKS' MONEY
Deborah Rankin
Ann Crittenden

PUTTING SHOES ON THE BAREFOOT DOCTOR
George A. Silver, M.D.

THE PRESIDENT'S NEW CLOTHES
Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.

BUREAUCRATIC FOLLIES
Fred J. Cook

DEFENSE COULD COST 40% LESS
Carey McWilliams

THE SHY FINANCIERS

WHO OWNS THE NETWORKS?

PETER L. BROSNAN

A bill designed to replace the Communications Act of 1934 has raised a storm of criticism from both the public and the broadcasters themselves. The aim of the Communications Act of 1978 is to narrow regulation of broadcasting and allow "market forces" to govern the industry. It would also replace the Federal Communications Commission with a new policy unit of the executive branch, to be called the National Telecommunications Agency. (Readers will recall that Nicholas Johnson and Karl E. Meyer debated this bill, also known as the Van Deerlin bill, in *Nation* issues of September 30 and October 21.)

Critics of the FCC have often charged that on important issues it has tended to side with broadcasters at the expense of the public. They fear that the new agency will do even less to safeguard public interest, while maintaining the status quo of the three-network monopoly. Broadcasters, for their part, fear that state and local governments will step in to fill the void left by the narrower scope of the new bill with their own rules and regulations, thus creating a nightmare of varying, hence conflicting, local requirements. Both sides have raised valid points that deserve much discussion before the bill becomes law, but one issue is not addressed by either the bill or its critics, and it is the issue that may prove most important in the context of the First Amendment.

Ownership of American news media in general, and broadcast media in particular, is now for the most part concentrated in the hands of a few large corporate conglomer-

(Continued on Page 577)

FSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

HEARST VIVISECTION

Philadelphia, Pa.

Contrary to Aryeh Neier's editorial [*The Nation*, Oct. 28], the Hearst case is significantly different! Patty, innocent kidnap victim of a fanatic, radical political terrorist group, was *systematically* brutalized, manipulated, and intimidated into committing crimes for propaganda purposes. The criminal, on the other hand, may have a lifelong history of "child abuse, broken homes, deprivation, and physical brutality," but these and other lamentable conditions do not necessarily lead to criminal behavior. [In] such conditions . . . there is no systematic manipulation focused on the goal of turning an individual into a criminal, as with the SLA treatment of Patty. Indeed, parents who physically abuse their children have the avowed purpose of teaching them to "behave" and to "be good."

Time is crucial! Most human behavior is learned. Criminal behavior is learned behavior. While it may seem fair that the individual with a long history of difficulties earns more of our sympathy, unfortunately the more lifelong the antisocial behavior, the more fixed the behavior, the less chance for rehabilitation, and the more dangerous the individual is to society. . . . Certainly we recognize that the one-time offender, who has committed a crime under very specific, extraordinary circumstances, is an excellent candidate for rehabilitation and is a minimal threat to society.

On the last point made by Neier, there are significant differences between the sexual abuse of Patty by the SLA and the homosexual rape of prisoners. . . . Prison rape is, of course, deplorable, but not all prisoners are raped. There are possibilities of avoiding rape, depending on the circumstances, the particular prison, the amount of supervision, whether one has made allies, etc. In Patty's situation there was no possibility of outside support, of any allies, of any appeal to a legal system or those in authority. She was the completely helpless pawn of a fanatic, irrational group. . . .

The difference, to me, seems to be that of being forced to survive in a jungle versus being an experimental animal strapped to a table for vivisection.

Arthur Lawson

San Francisco, Calif.

Re your editorial on the Hearst case, I think it unfortunate that William Randolph Hearst's specious arguments in favor of his niece's pardon blind Mr. Neier to, or at least divert him from, the predominant fact that Ms. Hearst's life has already been severely damaged. Of what possible good is it to keep her in prison any longer? The only argument would seem to be that her continued imprisonment placates the revengeful. That the ghetto's terrible damage to human beings is not considered at trials is illogical, but what has that to do with Ms. Hearst, who was not only a victim of the SLA but of her spoiled, wealthy childhood? That Neier focuses on Mr. Hearst and not on his niece seems reactionary to me. I hope Patricia Hearst is pardoned; that is, I hope for one humane action in a system gone badly wrong.

John D. Dolan

GIFTS FOR THE YOUNG

Brunswick, Me.

Having read Celeste MacLeod's letter, "Untapped Youth" [*The Nation*, Nov. 4], we want to say that we are under 40 and regular readers of your magazine. Our subscription is given to us each year by someone over 40, and we're grateful. One way to spread the news and increase subscriptions might be for those over-40 readers to send along a gift to a young friend.

Ellen Baum & Jeff Fischer

INFLATION FOR PROFIT

Hyderabad, India

Hurrah for John L. Hess's "The Inflation Game" [*The Nation*, Sept. 2] and his ringing call to liberals "to run the flag of sound money up the pole!" He is certainly right in saying that a "liberal attack on inflation" would zing the military budget, the tax code and the banker-serving "wisdom" of the Federal Reserve System. It would also zing the silliness of those many liberals who still think that to be all-out for full employment they must be soft on inflation. It would also drive "right up the wall" the phony liberal economists who see inflation as either cost-push or demand-pull and dodge the fact that we are now suffering from *profit inflation*. The entire idea of *profit inflation*, by the way, was set forth by their former guardian angel John Maynard Keynes in his well-buried and completely forgotten discussion of inflation in Volume 1 of *A Treatise on Money*.

If one looks at the places where prices have been rising (even if mesmerized by the Treasury Department's misleading and improperly analyzed information on business profits), it is hard to see how higher wages have driven up the prices of petroleum, food or medical care. In the first two of these three most inflationary areas it is clearly a *profit inflation* led by the Western and OPEC oil cartels and the agrobusiness conglomerates. In the medical field it is the profits of the drug companies, the fancy equipment manufacturers and the newly rich and ultra-rich doctors. I hope *The Nation* follows up with a symposium or an entire series to carry out Hess's proposal.

Bertram M. Gross
Distinguished Professor of Public Policy and Planning, CUNY

SCIENCE OR HISTORY?

Detroit, Mich.

I am impressed by the insights about the present that are in Jean Bethke Elshtain's "The 'Born Again' Smorgasbord" [*The Nation*, Oct. 21]. But the article left me with an empty feeling.

People who take a mainly scientific approach will leave you with that emptiness every time for they are by nature ahistorical or anti-historical. If you depend a lot on Freud (as does Elshtain) you may conclude quickly that the born again religiosity is really an urge to get back into mother's womb. You have condemned but not understood. You have isolated an idea scientifically, but you haven't told why it recurs over centuries.

Many who are scientifically inclined detest historiography, and rightly, for much of it *is* mush. But they should watch historians like Stuart Hughes or Geoffrey Barraclough who ask questions about Oswald Spengler's analogies, or Barbara Tuchman, who is concerned with epochs of catastrophe. Those people are getting away from linear or evolutionary history—which was basically naive materialism. They are interested in recurrences with differences.

To contrast the ridiculously egocentric poses of the "born again," Elshtain points to St. Thomas and his argument that the life of virtue must be the shared life. But does she realize what metamorphoses that word "virtue" has gone through? Sometimes it was a Greek word that became "faith," sometimes it was the Roman gladiator's *virtus*. But with each bending of the words there lurked an ideological strategy. Sure, St. Thomas was willing to share, but only with his historically conditioned understanding of his or their virtue—and sinfulness.

Alan Mather

The Nation welcomes letters from readers. Please furnish name, address and zip code. Name will be withheld upon request.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 227, No. 18

COVER
A Mandate to Mark Time
The Shy Financiers:
Who Owns the Networks? *Peter L. Brosnan*

LETTERS
562

EDITORIALS
564 Namibian Souffle *Patrick Lawrence*
565 Chicken *Joseph H. Crown*
565 Bureaucratic Follies *Fred J. Cook*
566 *Second Thoughts* *Carey McWilliams*
567 *Variations* *Calvin Trillin*

ARTICLES
569 Medicine in China:
Putting Shoes on the
Barefoot Doctor *George A. Silver, M.D.*
572 Bahamas Tax Dodge:
How Citibank "Parks"
Its Money *Deborah Rankin & Ann Crittenden*
574 The President's New Clothes *Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
581 Klinkowitz and Somer, eds.:
Writing Under Fire *Peter McInerney*
582 Rottman, Barry and Paquet, eds.:
Winning Hearts & Minds
Barry and Erhart, eds.:
Demilitarized Zones *Frederick C. Stern*
584 Avedon: Avedon Photographs:
1947-1977 *Patricia Bosworth*
586 Art *Lawrence Alloway*
586 Theatre *Harold Clurman*
588 Dance *Nancy Goldner*
589 Indigenous Music *Nat Hentoff*

Drawings by Marshall Arisman

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Robert Hatch; *Literary Editor*, Elizabeth Pochoda; *Poetry Editor*, Grace Schulman; *Copy Editor*, Marion Hess; *Assistant Copy Editor*, Patricia Dowling; *Assistant Editor*, Kai Bird; *Editorial Assistants*, Sydne Silverstein, Karen Wilcox, Amy Wilentz; *Editorial Secretary*, Ola Lyon.

Departments: *Theatre*, Harold Clurman; *Art*, Lawrence Alloway; *Music*, David Hamilton; *Dance*, Nancy Goldner; *Architecture*, Jane Holtz Kay; *Indigenous Music*, Nat Hentoff; *Television*, Peter Sourian; *Press*, Richard Pollak; *White House Correspondent*, Robert Sherrill. *Correspondents*: *Latin America*, Penny Lernoux; *London*, Raymond Williams; *Paris*, Claude Bourdet; *Bonn*, C. Amery; *Canberra*, C.P. Fitzgerald. *Columnists*: Carey McWilliams, Calvin Trillin. *Contributing Editor*, Blair Clark. *Editorial Board*: James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Marcus Raskin, A.W. Singham, Alan Wolfe.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish

Advertising Manager, Susan Ellen Heitler; *Business Manager*, Ann B. Epstein; *Circulation Manager*, Gloria Sangster; *Assistant to Publisher*, Karen Polk; *Staff*, John Holtz, Greta Loell; *Nation Associates*, Claudine Bacher. *Nation News Service*, Joanne Grant.

The Nation is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1978 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

Subscription Price: One year, $21; two years, $37. Student rate $15 a year. Add $3 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $5 other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: *The Nation* is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

EDITORIALS.

(Continued from Front Cover)

And, sure enough, no sooner were the results in from the precincts than President Carter sniffed the political winds and announced that "Carter Plans Rise in Defense Budget and Lower Deficit," as *The New York Times* headline put it. Given all the other elements of his anti-inflation package, that rise in arms spending surely means a cut of $4 billion or $5 billion in programs that used to be called "social." The general heading for all this is known around the White House as "austerity." Belt-tightening comes next, except around the Pentagon's girth.

We are told by every conventional source that this is what the American people want, that this is the message of November 1978. The 96th Congress, say the seers, will be notably more conservative, more tight-fisted. An agreement with the Russians on strategic weapons (if one is ever finished) is now most doubtful of ratification, they say. There is no question of making a start toward a national health insurance plan (though Senator Kennedy stubbornly, and correctly, fails to give up on it). Indeed, there are no new initiatives. We will progress by marking time.

As it turned out, the Democratic Party (to give it its formal title, though the term Demopubs, or Republicrats, seems more accurate, given the rightish homogenization of the parties) did quite well in the election. Its loss of a dozen seats in the House, for instance was much better than the average loss of thirty-four seats suffered by the "out" party in midterm elections in this century. The shrinking voting population (now just more than one-third of the electorate) seems to be having ever greater trouble distinguishing between parties that once stood for things but are now mere labels on similar packages.

President Carter chose to attribute the Democrats'

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
Johnson City, Tennessee
NOV 28 1978
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relatively good performance to the luster of the party rather than his own charm, a prudent bit of modesty in light of the defeat of about half the candidates whose stumps he mounted. But the truth is that the Democratic Party per se had little to do with the outcome. Instead, a tremendous outpouring of special-interest money—about $100 million, an incredible five times what the political action committees laid out just two years ago—had a far greater effect, and it largely went to the sure things in both parties, that is, the incumbents. It should surprise no one that, when the figures are added up, the electoral spending by corporate and "professional" PACs will dwarf that of labor's equivalents. And the brain of any American who thinks that this development will not accelerate the rightward rush of our politics is ready for clinical examination.

Money, in fact, played a part in this election that it is not too much to call vicious. We have, for example, the two $7.5 million winners—the dreadful Senator Helms in North Carolina, who shook the rightist Viguerie mailing-list money tree for that sum, and Texas's new Governor Clements who reached into his own fat pocket for the same amount. A whole new class of millionaire candidates took advantage of the Supreme Court's curious view that you can automatically equate money in politics with constitutionally protected free speech. Unless the Court comes to its senses on this one, the new wave of elected fat cats will become tidal and the idea of representative democracy will be further damaged.

The unfortunate fact is that the idea, and the reality, are already in deep trouble, as the surge in initiatives and referendums this year clearly shows. People turn to this device of "direct democracy" (as if this country of 215 million could be governed like Athens twenty-five centuries ago) when they despair of the way their representatives represent them, or fail to. Even some good people (like Senator Abourezk) are pushing the initiative-referendum notion as they gloomily view the corporatization of our politics—they should reflect on the likelihood that the "interests" will find dominating this process with their money even easier than controlling the legislatures across the land, as is their current practice. The harmful effects of political TV advertising and of computerized "personal" mailings (100,000 letters from the wife of one Congressman, Crane of Illinois) are proof enough of this danger.

The term "reform" is out of fashion these days, since so many reformations have turned out to be harmful. But properly defined and sensibly executed after passage into law by elected representatives, a reform of the electoral process that would strengthen the political parties, and rationalize and minimize the effects of money, is really the only way to restore the health of the American political system.

Unless this becomes the first priority of a number of serious politicians, starting at the top, we will drift rapidly toward a truly reactionary form of government in which a President with no need to respond to the popular will, together with an oligarchy of lawmakers composed of the rich and those who are beholden to the powers that be, will rule this country in ways bearing no resemblance to a democracy or a republic.

Namibian Soufflé

Late in July it was announced with evident excitement that the United States and four other Western powers had finally succeeded in constructing an acceptable settlement to the long-festering problem of South Africa's sixty-year occupation of Namibia. In securing the agreement of SWAPO, which is the Namibian liberation movement, Western negotiators claimed to have brought what many view as two irreconcilable forces into the same plan for independence. The settlement was then rushed through the U.N. Security Council in what must surely approach record time for such matters. Donald F. McHenry, Ambassador Young's deputy for African affairs, called the plan "a fragile souffle," adding, "Good food has to be consumed while hot."

The plan for Namibia's independence was proclaimed as the first finished product of what the Carter administration had long been advancing as its new African policy. Indeed, the British weekly, *The Observer*, even suggested that McHenry, who is largely credited with engineering negotiations in their final stages last summer, might eventually become Washington's first black Secretary of State.

Such hyperbole is likely to have caused some red faces in intervening months. It is now clear that Young, McHenry and company have agreed to an independence formula for Namibia that concedes nearly everything—except SWAPO's exclusion from elections—the South Africans wanted at the start of negotiations eighteen months ago. But even that plan quickly unraveled when the South Africans began to renege on it. And rather than sticking to their guns and risking the embarrassment of having to veto economic sanctions against South Africa in the Security Council, the U.S. mediators have caved in almost completely.

While abstaining on a U.N. resolution demanding that South Africa cancel elections scheduled for December, Western negotiators have agreed to allow Pretoria to go ahead with a contest which may well elevate to power their Namibian black puppets, the Turnhalle group, and exclude SWAPO. And while a second set of elections, under U.N. supervision, is nominally scheduled for spring, the interim government that comes to power in the South African supervised elections would, Pretoria says, be free to negotiate with the U.N. *if it cared to.* There are virtually no guarantees for the terms of the settlement passed in the Security Council last July.

But the clearest indictment of the settlement is its treatment of the unresolved status of Walvis Bay, Namibia's only deep-water port. Walvis Bay, which South Africa annexed more than a year ago, is the key to Namibia's economic independence; without it, the country will remain a de facto South African colony.

Patrick Lawrence is a U.N.-based journalist and editor who writes frequently on African affairs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While the Security Council resolution adopting the Western plan contained strong language discounting any South African claim to Walvis Bay, it left the matter to bilateral negotiations between Pretoria and a new government in Namibia—thus removing the question from binding U.N. jurisdiction.

Continued South African possession of Walvis Bay will allow Pretoria a crucial measure of control over Namibia—whether or not independence is brought by a U.N. plan. It is Pretoria's principal bargaining chip for the future of the territory. As far as the U.N. plan goes, South Africa would be free to negotiate for the port until it is satisfied that a new administration in Namibia is sufficiently "friendly."

Even if Washington succeeds in buying a bit more time in the Security Council, negotiators must quickly persuade South Africa that the settlement sponsored by the West can be made to spell moderation in Namibia—the sort of "moderation" South Africa has all along sought.

PATRICK LAWRENCE

Chicken

Lacking the courage to do otherwise, President Carter has signed the 1978 tax bill, the kind of legislation Franklin Roosevelt once called "relief for the greedy, not for the needy." Calls for a Presidential veto were heard from numerous liberal and labor organizations (see *Nation* editorial October 7) and legislators like Senator Kennedy, who observed that there had been no tax bill like this since the days of Coolidge and Mellon.

Carter had threatened to veto any tax bill that was not "simple, fair, equitable and progressive in nature," but the night before the elections without even a statement, he signed a tax "cut" which, despite some trimming, still benefits almost exclusively the rich and our country's dominant corporate interests.

Originally, the House had cut the top rate on capital gains from 49% to 35%; the Senate had slashed it to 21%. So the House-Senate conferees split the difference at 28%. Of such stuff are historic compromises made. Carter, justifying his signing of the bill at a news conference, argued that the "final reductions in capital gains taxes were substantially below that approved by either House or Senate." T'aint so! But nobody challenged him.

No degree of Presidential subterfuge, however, will hide the fact that this tax cut is a grotesque caricature of the Tax Reform Act of 1976 which concentrated on closing loopholes and restoring some kind of progressiveness to the federal income tax structure. This time, because of the increase in Social Security taxes scheduled for January 1, only extremely wealthy taxpayers will actually receive a federal tax cut.

All of this is done under the banner of "stimulating investment"—a familiar sales pitch for the "trickle-down" theory. Worse, the composition of the new Congress foreshadows for tax legislation an acceleration of this pernicious trend.

JOSEPH H. CROWN

Bureaucratic Follies

New Jersey is outdoing itself to write a new chapter in the saga of bumbling bureaucracies. Its Division of Taxation—as I and some 17,000 other New Jerseyans can attest—is so entangled in the debris of its overflowing wastebaskets that it would be no surprise if, one day, a big trash container were accidentally upended and Gov. Brendan Byrne came tumbling out. The situation is ludicrous, infinitely infuriating and quintessentially illustrative of the tactics of self-strangulation practiced by bureaucracies the world over.

It all began very simply—seemingly. A couple of years ago New Jersey's highest court decreed that there must be more equitable financing of school costs, both to upgrade the quality of education in poorer districts and to redistribute the tax burden. As a result, the state passed its first income tax law. In the process of equalizing the burden, a provision was written into the law giving property owners a homestead tax rebate. To qualify, one filled out a form and mailed it to Trenton, where the claim would be processed.

In 1977, the first year of the new system, the rebates were paid in two parts, one in the spring just before the primary election, one in the fall just before the general election. Governor Byrne, who was running for re-election, and who had been instrumental in getting the income tax passed, was thus given two opportunities to remind the voters that they had him to thank for their rebates. Governor Byrne was duly re-elected, the rebates having come through on schedule. But then came 1978 and a foul-up of the rebate system that even a cynic about the operations of bureaucracies finds hard to believe. Sidney Glaser, director of the Division of Taxation, acknowledged to the press in September that 17,000 New Jerseyans were involved in a tangle in which their rebate application forms hadn't been filed on time or had simply been "lost." Since I am one of the unlucky 17,000, I can document how thoroughly Sidney Glaser's division can lose itself in a labyrinth of its own creating.

On November 9, 1977, I filed my homestead tax rebate form, retaining as evidence that I had done so the bottom, pink-sheeted carbon. In late February or early March, the state Tax Division notified me that it had no record that I had filed the claim. If I had, would I send in the control number from my pink carbon? I complied, notifying the division that the control number was 1876566, and assumed naively that this would take care of the matter.

For a time there was some doubt that the state would be in a financial position to make the promised rebate, but it was finally announced that the payments, averaging about $200, would be made in a lump sum

(Continued on Page 568)

Fred Cook is a journalist and author whose latest work, Storm Before Dawn, *is a Revolutionary War historical novel (Condor Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Scientific American for October carried an article by Philip Morrison and Paul F. Walker that should be required reading for Congress, press and public. The authors outline a new strategy for military spending based on recent technologies that have restored defense to a position of relative superiority. So-called "smart weapons," precision-guided missiles (PGMs), have revolutionized concepts of "force structures." Three factors largely account for the success of the "smart weapons": amazingly accurate sensors, small warheads of devastating power, and precision-guidance systems. As the tank, the airplane and the aircraft carrier (the familiar "triad" of forces) have grown steadily more expensive, they have become increasingly vulnerable. "Smart weapons" offer a high probability of destroying a wide variety of targets with a single shot, at extremely low cost. For example, the Hobo homing glide bomb and the Maverick missile cost in the range of $10,000 to $20,000. The new generation of PGMs, with computerized controls located in the projectile, can be fired without taking steady aim, from helicopters, jeeps, planes and by foot soldiers. Despite these developments, Pentagon bureaucrats remain captives of a set of assumptions that no longer apply. More than half the Navy's $40 billion budget goes in some way to support thirteen carrier task forces although the carrier is becoming ever more expensive and susceptible to attack.

Morrison and Walker have the highest technical credentials and their research is based on careful scientific and strategic thinking. They know what they are talking about; they have no illusions about the kind of world in which we live. But they are convinced that a stable balance is the safest stance today and that it can be achieved for about 40% less than the current $120.4 billion military budget; moreover they demonstrate how this goal might be attained.

Nor are they mere academic theorists; what they say about the vulnerability of the tank is supported by recent military experience. In the 1973 Middle East war 3,000 tanks and 600 aircraft were destroyed with efficiency and remarkable dispatch, leading to the conclusion that in the future battlefields may be untenable. Furthermore in the 1967 Middle East war one Egyptian missile that cost $20,000, launched from a small patrol boat out of gun range, demolished an Israeli destroyer worth $150 million. As realists, Morrison and Walker note that bilateral and multilateral efforts at arms control and disarmament have not slowed the upward trend in armaments but, in some respects, have encouraged it. In the years since the end of World War II, U.S. military forces have increased steadily in size, firepower and cost. The time has come, therefore, to adopt a unilateral approach, based on the concept of a stable defense. It is up to the United States, which is largely responsible for setting the technical pace, "to break the spiral." In the judgment of the authors, this country can play "the role of catalyst for less risky military policies," while yet providing adequate national defense and being able to meet all current commitments and obligations. As they see it, the simplistic pursuit of military growth ($2 trillion in three decades) has passed well beyond the bounds of reason.

This remarkable article is based on a book, *The Price of Our Defense: A New Strategy for Military Spending*, which is the product of four years of research by Morrison and Walker and their colleagues in the Boston Study Group. Morrison is, of course, a distinguished physicist (at M.I.T.) who worked on the wartime atomic bomb project at Los Alamos. Walker is research fellow in the Program for Science and Internal Affairs at Harvard. He attended the Army Security School and served as Russian intelligence specialist with the Army Security Agency. No recent study of the defense budgets begins to compare in cogency, thoughtfulness, clarity, and technical expertness with the brilliant analysis prepared by the Boston Study Group. If anything can dissipate the hypnotic effect of the mindless repetition of such shibboleths as "triad," "essential equivalence," "forward defense," "flexible responses" and "power projection" it should be this notably cool and scientific study. A special merit, incidentally, is its realistic assessment of the Russian military structure, its strengths and limitations. (A quarter of the Russian nonnuclear capability is deployed along the Chinese border and two-thirds of its strategic missiles are land-based.) The authors are not dogmatic; their recommendations are meant as tentative first steps in a new direction, offered for broad and serious debate. But they are convinced that a better, safer defense for the United States and its allies can be bought with much "less risky forces and rather less money." It would be a pity if their analysis failed to ignite the serious debate in and out of Congress that it so obviously merits. □

Coming Next Week

SPECIAL ISSUE

THE McWILLIAMS YEARS

Essays, Reviews, Memoirs by contributors who, for the most part, wrote for and worked with

Carey McWilliams

In the period from 1956 to 1978
Fred Cook
Robert Hatch
Susan Jacoby
Christopher Lasch
Mary Ellen Leary
Norman Redlich
Robert Sherrill

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VARIATIONS

CALVIN TRILLIN

Early in the campaign for Governor of New York, I eliminated Perry Duryea from consideration after I saw him on a television program referring to himself in the third person. I never vote for a politician who refers to himself in the third person. It's a firm rule. As far as I'm concerned, the only public figure who ever got away with referring to himself in the third person was Satchel Paige, the philosopher king of several pitching staffs, and Ole' Satch, as he sometimes called himself, had the grace not to run for elective office.

Scratching Duryea left me without a candidate. I had long before decided that I could never vote for Hugh Carey, a man who hangs out in P.J. Clarke's with one of the Ford girls. My mother told me not to hang out in bars because the sort of people I would meet there were the sort of people who hang out in bars. As I remember it, the establishment she had in mind was LeRoy's Waldo Bar, in Kansas City, where I misspent part of my youth drinking Schlitz and talking dirty, but the rule certainly holds for P.J. Clarke's. In fact, if Kansas City had offered the range of saloons available in New York, I know my mother would have amended her rule by saying, "If you must hang out in bars, at least don't hang out in a bar that serves gossip columnists."

I have nothing personal against either of the Ford girls. (As a matter of policy, I have never distinguished between them, on the theory that, like the Ford Fairmont and the Mercury Zephyr, they may be essentially the same product with different names and a slight variation on the grill.) Anyone concerned with the economic well-being of American cities can hardly be critical of two people who through their debutante parties alone pumped $500,000 into the economy of Detroit. Still, it was, I believe, Dr. Johnson who said, "Sir, show me the escort of the deb of the year and I'll show you a creep." As many scholars have pointed out, Dr. Johnson was, some years ago, seen in the company of Brenda Fraser once or twice himself, but I see no reason to doubt his story that he was present only to treat her bronchitis.

People are always telling me that I should vote on the issues. Someone who votes on the issues, I suppose, would have cast his ballot for Kennedy over Nixon in 1960 on the basis of preferring Kennedy's position on some constantly discussed campaign issue like the defense of Quemoy and Matsu. Only at the risk of being dismissed as frivolous could people vote for Kennedy rather than Nixon on the simple ground that any man who delivered the Checkers speech without giggling was a certifiable wonk, registered and with papers. As it turned out, of course, the issue of defending Quemoy and Matsu was less important to the survival of the Republic than wonkiness.

I did try voting on the issues for a while, but it didn't work. Having pored over the opposing position papers, I would cast my ballot as an informed citizen—and the country would continue to be run by fools and thieves and even an occasional poltroon. Finally, I got smart. If voting on the issues was doing the country no good at all, I figured, I might as well have the pleasure of treating political candidates as applicants for a club that had a single opening and maintained an admissions committee of one—me. I can't claim that the new method has caused any improvement in the quality of our political leadership, but it has saved me a lot of dreary research on the history of Quemoy and Matsu.

Some years ago, when the neighborhood where Little Italy meets Chinatown was still overwhelmingly Italian, a Chinese candidate for the New York Assembly breezed into my club simply by saying that he was running even though he didn't have "a Chinaman's chance." My favorite gubernatorial candidate in recent years was John Alsop, an insurance executive from Hartford who ran for Governor in Connecticut on the Republican ticket. Alsop is a brother of the Washington columnists, and used to be known among the mean-spirited in Connecticut as "the smart Alsop." Challenged outside the factory gate by a sarcastic worker who said, "I bet you're for motherhood and apple pie and the flag," Alsop replied, "That's absolutely correct. And I stand opposed to man-eating sharks." Only the residency requirements prevented me from voting for Alsop or for the pessimistic Chinese Assembly candidate or for an ape from the Atlanta zoo named Willie B., who was once run in a Congressional race against an incumbent of Pleistocene political thought and attracted the motto "Vote for Willie B.—Let us Begin Again."

Reading about Susan Ford filming a Subaru commercial in front of the White House or Billy Carter opening yet another shopping center, I wrestle with the question of whether or not I can hold a candidate's family against him. Is that the sort of club I'm running? I do have what I believe the lawyers might call a benign precedent for taking family into consideration. When John Lindsay defeated first the diminutive Mario Procaccino and then Abe Beame, the vest-pocket city comptroller, the victories were generally explained by the fact that most New York voters, descendants of one or another sort of stunted immigrants themselves, were under the impression that the tall and handsome Lindsay was what authentic Americans were supposed to look like. The most succinct analysis of Lindsay's two mayoral victories was made by a long-time commentator on city politics named Doug Ireland: "Big Deal! He only beat ten foot six altogether." My support of Lindsay, though, had nothing to do with his appearance. It was based on the report that his wife had reacted to being stashed in the ladies' balcony at the annual Inner Circle political dinner by quietly flicking peanuts on the diners below. At our club, after all, new members are encouraged to bring their spouses to Happy Hour, and it was comforting to have the assurance that at least one new member would bring someone who knows how to behave in any situation. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 565)

around July 1. Since there was no need for pre-election day reminders in 1978, the one-time payment seemed to make sense, eliminating duplicating payments. Could it be that efficiency was triumphing in Trenton?

Not so. July came, but I and some 17,000 others (by official acknowledgment, at least) received no rebate checks. So I began to write letters, a futile endeavor, since bureaucracy can swallow letters faster than a boa constrictor can gulp an agouti.

Sensing that this might be the case, on July 18 I invested in certified mail, return receipt requested, to inform the division once again of the control number for which it had asked in March. No answer, so on August 8, I tried again. This time, our borough tax collector Xeroxed my pink-sheet carbon, my Medicare card and my driver's license (all to show that I *do*, indeed, exist), and I dispatched these documents, together with another letter to the tax division, certified mail, return receipt requested. Except for the receipt, no answer.

The mails having failed, I decided to telephone. Our tax collector had given me a Trenton number to call, but it turned out to be the one for tenants who have tax rebates to claim. The clerk there gave me the correct homestead rebate number, but warned me not to be discouraged if the line was busy. "They have ten phones in that office," he said, "but they are getting some 3,000 calls a day, so just keep calling."

I kept calling and finally got a woman who "deared" me almost to death. "Can I have your full name, dear?" "Do you have your Social Security number, dear?" "Can you give me the number of your claim form, dear?" "Do you have a wife, dear?" "What is her name, dear? Irene? Oh, isn't that nice. My name is Irene, too." "Do you have her Social Security number, dear?"

When we had finally reached the ever loving end of these endearments, "Irene" assured me that I had been wise to call her, it was so much better than writing. She, of course, was just taking down the information; it all had to be forwarded to the "processing" office. "But don't worry, dear; you will get your refund."

Again, of course, nothing happened. After three weeks, it was evident that "Irene, dear" was no more effective than the mail, and I determined to see how far this bureaucratic nonsense could go. I wrote a letter to the "Troubleshooter" column of our local paper, the *Asbury Park Evening Press*, expressing at the end of it my hope that "a charge of publicity buckshot can move some dead asses in Trenton." To cover all bases, I sent a carbon to Governor Byrne.

After so much time had elapsed that I had given up on him, "Troubleshooter" informed me via his column that I and two others with similar complaints would soon be hearing from the Tax Division, because the division needed "more information."

(Even as this was happening, New Jersey scheduled a series of hearings for 1,000 taxpayers who had not filed "on time." The first session, held in Trenton on October 26, left some fifty taxpayers angry and disgusted. One couple, who winter in Florida, never received the rebate form that had been mailed to their New Jersey address with the bold instruction: "DO NOT FORWARD." One man had sold his house in Budd Lake and bought another in the same town. His rebate form was mailed to the house he had sold, and he never received it. Judge Anthony M. Lario, of the Division of Tax Appeals, who presided, took the attitude that "the law is the law." If rebate forms hadn't been filed on time, tough luck. The suggestion was that some 1,000 homeowners caught in this particular mailing snafu could whistle for their money.)

In my case, the fun and games had just begun. On October 6, I received a communique from Sidney Glaser himself. At this late date, nearly three months after I had started writing and phoning and sending Xeroxes, Glaser sent me a *new* homestead tax rebate form to fill out. The records in his office, he said, failed to reveal that I had filed such a form, but since my "recent letter" (which one? I wondered) indicated that I contended I had, my case would be "reviewed" upon receipt of:

"1. The enclosed application, completed for the property on which you are claiming a rebate.

"2. A notarized statement in affidavit form attesting to the fact that you executed and mailed a homestead rebate application to the Division of Taxation prior to March 31, 1978.

"3. If available, a photostat of your (pink) copy of the original application you had filed previously."

Well, what can you do? I made out the affidavit and our tax collector notarized it for me, shaking her head the while at the incredible mess in Trenton. "What are they doing there? We get taxpayers coming in here who blame *us* for all this mess, and some of them are so angry they get nasty."

One can hardly blame the nasty ones. When I sent the affidavit, the new rebate claim form and another Xerox of the original back to Glaser, I reminded him that the Xerox I had sent to his office two months previously should be kicking around there somewhere if it hadn't already been buried by bureaucratic gremlins. I also told him that, while I was aware that bureaucracies have a unique ability to become fouled up in their own red tape, "I have never personally encountered such incomprehensible ineptitude as I have in your division." And I sent a carbon of that letter to Governor Byrne.

The merry chase continued. On Saturday morning, October 14, my wife received a phone call from a Barbara Powell, of the Tax Division. Yes, she said, she was aware that I had written several letters; but now, if I would just send a Xerox of the pink carbon I had originally filed back on November 9, 1977, to Ron DeMarco in the office of the director, everything would be straightened out.

Another Xerox—the third of the same form! Back once more to the Xerox machine. Our borough tax collector shook her head in bewilderment. "How many copies do they need?"

At the post office I found another amazed and confounded clerk. When I explained the purpose of my certified letter to Ron DeMarco, she said so many oth-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers had come in with the same problem that it made her wonder: "What can they be *doing* up there in Trenton? They must be out of their minds."

Letters crossed, and on October 17, yet another voice was heard from. John C. Raney, chief of the Homestead Rebate Section, wrote me that, as the result of the new form I had filed at Sidney Glaser's direction—control number 3423390—they were now "reviewing" my application. He added: "Please be aware, however, that this may take some time due to the large number of applications to be reprocessed, If your claim is approved by your local tax assessor [it already had been because, after the "Troubleshooter" incident, someone from the Tax Division had checked with officials at Borough Hall], a rebate check will be issued in *approximately eight to twelve weeks*" (italics added).

Wires were still getting crossed. On October 23 I heard again from Sidney Glaser, who wrote: "I am advised that the copy of your *original* homestead rebate application which you submitted on October 16, 1978 was processed for a rebate check to be issued. You may expect to receive a rebate check within four weeks" (italics added).

Four weeks? Or eight to twelve weeks? Oh, well, one way or another, I assume a rebate check will be coming. But what I especially liked about Glaser's assurance was the blithe washing of the record. The original form I had filed on November 9, 1977 no longer existed; the Xeroxes I had sent the division to show that it had been filed no longer existed. What was now designated the *original* form was the second form that I had filed almost a year later, after months of beating my head against the stone walls of bureaucracy. It was the perfect bureaucratic solution; the past, with all its mistakes, never happened, and the bureaucracy had efficiently solved the problem as soon as the *proper* form was filed.

For anyone who is interested in the infallible ways of a fallible bureaucracy, I submit the record of the Division of Taxation of the state of New Jersey. It is just a small example, of course. A very small example. Imagine the Pentagon?

FRED J. COOK

As we were going to press, Fred Cook sent us a carbon of another patient, if by now almost despairing, letter written by him to Sidney Glaser, director of the Division of Taxation, in Trenton. We publish an excerpt below as a coda to Cook's danse macabre *with New Jersey officialdom.* —The Editors

Dear Mr. Glaser:

You now have me as confused as you and your entire division appear to be. I am referring to your last two letters to me, one of which conflicts absolutely with the other.

On October 23—this after months of correspondence, telephone calls and finally the filing of the affidavit and the *new* homestead tax rebate form that you requested—you wrote me: "I am advised that the copy of your original homestead rebate application which you submitted on October 16, 1978 was processed for a rebate check to be issued. You may expect to receive a rebate check within four weeks."

I assumed that this settled this entire ridiculous matter, but then I received a letter from you dated November 3, 1978 in which you say:

"A review of our records discloses that you were requested to refile for the homestead rebate. Inasmuch as we have received your application on October 16, it has been *listed for processing* [italics added]. "This is to advise you that your claim will appear on a supplemental listing, which must be reviewed by your local tax assessor and returned to our processing department. Upon receipt of your assessor's printout, final payment will be issued."

In other words, the payment that had been approved on October 23 is now just being *processed* (or as you say *listed for processing*), and so what appeared to be finally settled is now completely unsettled. . . .

Yours truly,
Fred J. Cook

ARTICLES.

MEDICINE IN CHINA

Putting Shoes On the Barefoot Doctor

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D.

Chairman Mao's China had an excellent press. We became accustomed to a neat, spotless land, a smiling sea of faces, masses working without machines to build bridges, move rivers, grow rice. This new China had eliminated disease, pests, hunger. It spurned energy-guzzling machinery and rode bicycles; it was self-reliant and made steel in the back yard. Mao's China was one indistinguishable person 800 million strong, unified and content, with a future limned in the present. (Hostile observers were more likely to mention "little blue ants.") A trip to China will confirm your convictions—whatever they are. Everything written and said turns out to be true, but perhaps not all the truth, and the purpose of this report is to consider where the truth lies in the area of medicine. The Maoist doctrine of "walking on two legs," combining Western and traditional ways of healing, was a useful device for attacking "imperialist" hegemony in the medical area and something of a lever for attacking "imperialist" activities in other fields: agriculture, industrialization, development generally. Especially useful in this political context was the idea of the "barefoot doctor." That is, that one needn't train or educate physicians for years in expensive, complex medical schools, selecting highly educated recruits for the high-status professional role,

George Silver, M.D. is professor of public health at the School of Medicine, Yale University, and the author of A Spy in the House of Medicine *and* Child Health: America's Future *(both Aspen Systems Corp.).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who consequently were expensive to maintain in salary, perquisites and the equipment and personnel demanded by this elite to carry on its role.

Accounts of the remarkable medical experiment in China, published widely in the West, stimulated thoughtful reconsideration of health policy in the rest of the world. The barefoot doctor became a symbol for reductionist efforts elsewhere and so captivated the representatives of the developing world that the World Health Organization was converted from leadership of a disease-fighting, health-promoting international organization based on 20th-century scientific standards to the standard-bearer for "appropriate technology." This cryptic expression enfolded a series of meanings and recommended actions, embracing mysticism, herbal remedies, meditation and the abandonment of complex equipment for either diagnosis or treatment. The 18th and 19th centuries, let alone the 20th, were to be erased as models for scientific advance (not only in medicine, let it be noted), and simpler, more "natural," i.e., more primitive, approaches were to be adopted.

While it was certainly true that a good deal of the criticism mounted against the superscientism of 20th-century medicine was well founded, and even the criticism of medical practice in the religious dogmatism of Illich (*Medical Nemesis*) had roots in fact, the total effect was truly, if a cliche may be permitted, to throw out the baby with the bath water. But none of the liberal intellectuals dared to announce that the emperor was naked, because the barefoot doctor image was so intimately tied to related liberal causes: opposition to arrogant and self-seeking, anti-social doctors; support for an international health policy and some equity in disease management in the Third World.

Some enthusiasts, observing the Chinese system, considered it so valuable as to prescribe these same changes for the disorders of Western medical practice. Solemn discussions, in professional as well as literary journals, extolled the values of untrained attendants for medical needs, of self-care as against professional care.

Information from enthusiastic visitors left the false impression that in medicine, at least, the ultimate stage of development had been reached; that China had a permanent program. The shorter curriculum in training, emphasis on minimally trained (barefoot) doctors, devaluation of expertise, traditional instead of Western medical practices were thought to comprise a fixed and ideologically unalterable transformation of medical education and medical practice. No one noticed that the Chinese themselves were making no such claim.

Barefoot doctors do exist; as a matter of fact, they seem to be omnipresent. Their tasks are rudimentary: first aid, health education, immunizations, some environmental supervision, following up on doctors' orders (they do not themselves prescribe Western medicines) particularly with discharged mental hospital patients, and promoting family planning. Access to medical care, with the barefoot doctor as the gate keeper, is simple and apparently universally available.

There is a barefoot doctor for each 400 people in production brigades (the administrative unit for the production teams) and an outpatient clinic (polyclinic) for every commune, sometimes with a few beds. Trained physicians give supervision, but in these polyclinics, many of the doctors are "two-year wonders." More serious cases are sent to county hospitals and provincial hospitals staffed with fully trained people. For there does exist a comprehensive system of medical care.

The systematic attack on expertise reached its height with the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of the 1960s. Where earlier it had been assumed that barefoot doctors would in time get advanced training, and that some doctors would in time be given a modicum of Western technique, the Cultural Revolution attacked such ideas as regressive, counterrevolutionary and probably part of a Russian plot. The medical school curriculum was to be reduced to three years; specialists were not to be trained at all; traditional schools were to be enlarged and extended; and best of all, three months was plenty for the training of barefoot doctors. But Mao's death, the elimination of the Gang of Four, Hua's and Teng's accession have changed many things, and among them Chinese medicine, both education and practice. As time, the economy and foreign policy permitted, the Chinese began looking to the same goals that the Western medical mandarins sought. And they were doing so just as the Western mandarins were getting ready to jettison those goals for the Chinese objectives! What the fervid admirers of new China had assumed to be the permanent cast of Chinese medicine turns out to have had only the virtue of necessity.

Lacking resources of their own, hesitant to invest in extensive purchases of Western goods that would make them dependent upon "imperialist" production, the Chinese extolled self-reliance not just in health care but in every activity of their national life. A way had to be found, short of surrender to the encircling great powers, capitalist and Communist, to feed the people, house them, provide work and a sense of dignity and participation, and to take care of the sick and injured.

What many foreign observers ecstatically greeted as utopian medical care was only a way station, a pragmatic (some might say opportunistic) response to need. Once the quantitative goal had been achieved, a qualitative one was sought. Every hospital I visited reported that more doctors and more specialists had been promised. Today, the physician is part of an elite group, the rigid equality preached earlier having been quietly buried.

In Chairman Hua's words at the Fifth National People's Congress last February: "From each according to his ability, to each according to his work." It is a far cry from Mao's dictum: "Humanity left to its own does not necessarily re-establish capitalism . . . but it does re-establish inequality. The forces tending toward the formation of new classes are powerful."

However, the priorities of China's medical system are still Mao's: put prevention first in health work;

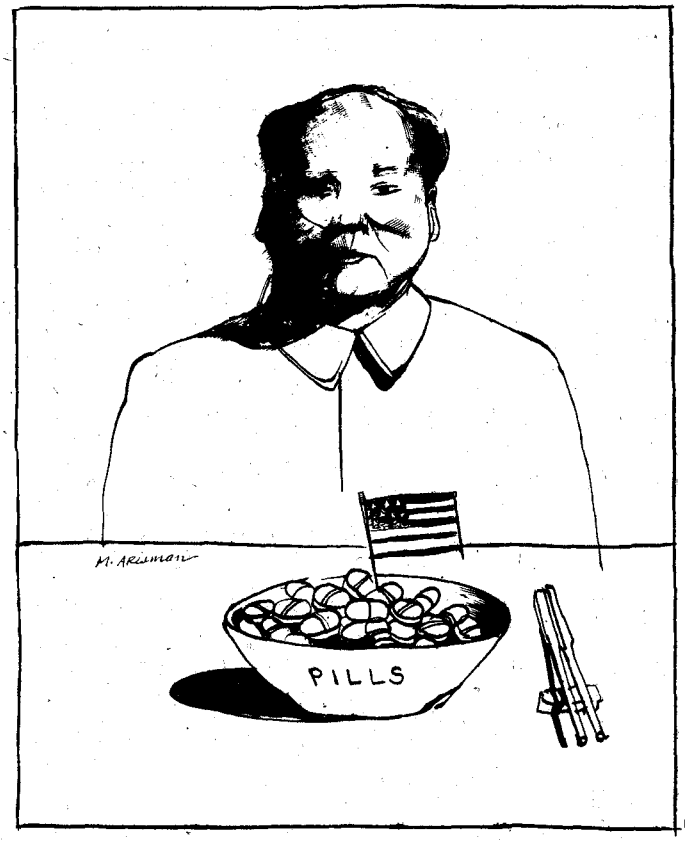
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

serve the workers and peasants and stress the rural areas; integrate health work with political activities; unite traditional Chinese and Western medicine, especially in the area of herbal and modern drugs.

Strong social—"mass"—leadership is still a key of Chinese health actions. For example, old people are involved in a variety of health activities. Since men retire at 60 and women at 50 (with 70% of last salary as pension), they are given social responsibility and, among other things, lead the mass health campaigns. There are very few institutions for old people, just as there are few day-care centers, not really enough to take care of all the children of those who work. The family to a very large extent continues to be responsible, and older people accept the obligation to care for very many of the people, young and old, who otherwise would be in institutions. This maintenance of the extended family in China is an important social measure, giving old people a significant social role and, consequently, contributing to their health!

One interesting attribute of the medical-care system is its decentralized control. This takes the curse off the terrifying aspect of a monolithic structure covering almost a billion people with a center in Peking, orders traveling down, responses up, with unimaginable delays, contradictions and misinterpretations along the way. On the other hand, the poor communication network in this still developing country makes for extremely uneven practices.

A team of public health specialists from the United States who recently roamed previously untrod byways for a month to observe rural medical practice agreed that access is unquestionably available to everyone, but that it is access to a system far from equipped to be as helpful as it might be. The barefoot doctors who make up the primary care network and man the point of entry are largely ill-equipped to do a first-class job. Many hospital beds are filled with patients who should have had better treatment earlier, or who should have been kept at home for treatment. Decentralization and lack of sufficient communication prevent national policies from being implemented and the failures of such policies from being uncovered.



Drawings by Marshall Arisman

Medical schooling is now back to six years and entrance examinations make a mockery of the "affirmative action" whereby workers' and peasants' children were to get special consideration. No more does a middle school graduate need to spend two years in the countryside before admission to medical school; no more does a medical school graduate have to spend two years in the country before specializing.

It is entertaining to compare the mood of student and faculty in China with the attitudes and conflict over education in the United States today. We want a more "democratic" (permissive) education milieu, giving the students a voice in the government of the educational institutions. In China, the voices are those of the American conservative establishment: obey, treat teachers with respect. Student initiative (which is what the Gang of Four wanted) is seen as suppressing teacher initiative.

China, since Mao, has taken a turn in social and political action. The new leaders have decided that the approach toward equity is sufficiently developed so that deployment of resources to achieve improved quality in all sectors is necessary. This is called "the Four Modernizations: defense, industry, agriculture, science." The acceptance of Western technology and the increased trade necessary to acquire that technology is called "letting foreign things serve China." The social effort required to transform the ideology and accustom the people to new social and political concepts (like unequal pay) is called the "New Long March."

The question now to be answered is which route the drive to improve quality will take:

The Russian route—doctors as white-collar workers, mediocrity and a dampening of creative professional energy?

The European and American route, with doctors an arrogant and socially irresponsible elite?

The Cuban route of Russian-style mediocrity, but without a rigid centralized bureaucracy and the stimulus of local supervision and local control?

At a guess, the present Chinese structure will be retained. It is already amazingly well decentralized, and the quality of the trained is improving—barefoot doctors study for two years instead of three months; physicians get six years in medical school and four years in specialty training; nurses and midwives undergo three years of training.

Mao's overpowering achievement—a new China—does exist: a world power, pulling itself up by its bootstraps, self-reliant, carving out its own destiny. But "uninterrupted revolution"—the phrase used by O.Ed-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mund Clubb in *The Nation* of April 8)—was too destructive and has been abandoned. Self-reliance is insufficiently productive and is to be shelved. Modernization is the theme: in industry, agriculture, science and defense. All this still in the name of Mao ("Great disorder across the land leads to great order"). It is not so much the resolution of a political struggle as a calculated decision for progress.

There will be much to teach and much to learn, when China becomes open to the world and the world to China. We have some Chinese lessons to learn in medicine; let us hope that the Chinese do not learn the wrong Western ones. The Chinese experience has to be rescued from its uncritical friends as well as from its unfriendly critics.

There is much America can learn from the Chinese experience in the medical field, without slavishly copying the Chinese structure or content. We can:

- Value the helping role old people can play in stabilizing society, socializing the young, giving health education.
- Let the past teach the present, and bring back some traditional healing methods.
- Take prevention and primary care away from the doctors and give it to a professional group that cares about it.
- Emphasize medical-care programs that will benefit rural areas, because a system developed around rural America (where health care is relatively primitive) is bound to be so structured as to help everybody.

The lessons need to be taken to heart by two groups particularly—those political fanatics who blindly extrapolate from the political now to the forever; and those who expect to find solutions to American problems ready-made in the Chinese adventure. The "New Long March" is designed to enable China to catch up with the advanced nations. As it does, a good many "Friends of the New China" may be astonished. □

BAHAMAS TAX DODGE

How Citibank 'Parks' Its Money

DEBORAH RANKIN & ANN CRITTENDEN

The long-simmering controversy over the sprawling growth and uncontrolled operations of the giant multinational corporations has erupted once again. The latest case involves allegations that, in violation of European tax laws, Citibank, the world's largest international bank, systematically shifted foreign exchange earnings from its branches in highly taxed countries in Europe and "parked" them in its tax-haven branch in the Bahamas.

If the charges are true (Citibank denies them), they place in serious doubt the ability of national regulatory systems to monitor effectively the world's increasingly international banking network, and especially the foreign exchange trading rooms of the big banks. They also suggest that the concept of national tax jurisdictions and administration may well be anachronistic in an age when a multinational company can at will shift billions of dollars across the world with a single telex message.

The charges, filed by a former officer in Citibank's international division, are that the bank's branches overseas conducted foreign exchange transactions in such a way as to show losses in high-tax jurisdictions on the Continent and gains in the Bahamas, which levies no taxes. The employee, David Edwards, was discharged after he brought his allegations to the attention of the bank's senior management and its board of directors; he is now suing the bank for $14 million.

Minimizing taxes is good business practice, but implicit in Mr. Edwards's allegations is the assumption that Citibank engineered bogus transactions in order to do so. He maintains that Citibank officers in the Paris office "cooked the books" in order to manipulate earnings, and then hid their handiwork to prevent disclosure of the practice of parking foreign exchange positions. He also charges that bank officials were so intent on keeping their parking operations secret that they devised special coding procedures—including three special inside telex numbers—for routing foreign exchange positions to Nassau.

"Every multinational corporation does some form of parking in a world where things are done more for tax reasons than for economic reasons," a highly placed Washington regulator remarked with a shrug. Moreover, tax experts note that, if the charges are true, the result would be to increase the bank's U.S. tax liability, but to lower the total amount of taxes it paid to any other governments because of the complex interaction between foreign and domestic tax credits. This helps to explain why U.S. regulatory authorities appear lukewarm about pursuing the matter.

"Shifting earnings can lower a bank's taxes, and look at who gets paid," said Henry J. Bubel, a former accounting consultant to Taxation with Representation, a public-interest tax group. "It's the United States at the expense of foreign governments. This makes it more attractive for a bank to buy tax-exempt securities. How upset do you think the Treasury is going to be that this government gets paid more money, and that our cities can sell more of their securities?"

The practice of parking, or booking, loans in the Bahamas, and the interest income from them, is not new in international banking. It has been standard procedure since the late 1960s, when the United States imposed a set of controls to staunch capital outflows from this country. For example, information made available to us indicates that in November 1976 as much as $15 billion in loans that Citibank had negotiated elsewhere were booked in Nassau—fully one-fourth of the bank's assets at that time.

Deborah Rankin and Ann Crittenden are financial reporters for The New York Times.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is newer, and possibly illegal, is the practice of parking foreign exchange positions, and the profits derived from them, in the Bahamas. Because of Citibank's sophistication, however, it is extremely difficult to draw a line between loan transactions in the global money markets and foreign exchange transactions. "In a place like Citibank, money market and foreign exchange are just like this," said a knowledgeable observer, crossing his fingers.

In any case, the practice of parking funds appears to be a banking variation on the familiar but controversial theme of "transfer pricing." This is the practice of fixing artificial prices on transactions between foreign units of the same company in order to minimize earnings in high-tax areas and maximize them in low-tax areas.

According to our sources, the practice of parking developed in Europe partly because of the pressure on Citibank branch officers to meet the bank's ambitious goal of a 15% annual growth in earnings. "Citibank is very aggressive and doesn't leave untouched an opportunity to improve earnings," said an analyst who asked to remain anonymous. "They operate very close to the line, and that management target of 15% has not been changed since they set it in the early 1970s. When you set a very high target for earnings, after a while you're going to run out of cookie jars."

According to Mr. Edwards's suit, the following is a typical example of how Citibank evaded the tax and foreign exchange laws in European jurisdictions. On June 11, 1976, he alleges, Citibank's Paris office telexed the New York office to instruct the Nassau branch to buy from the Paris branch $6 million in French francs at a rate of 4.7275 to the dollar. The same telex message, the suit continued, instructed the Nassau branch to sell $4 million of francs to New York and $2 million to the Brussels branch.

According to the suit, the selling price was set at a higher rate—4.7375 francs to the dollar—thus creating a 60,000 franc profit (equal to about $12,500) for the Nassau branch. "As a result of this transaction, created and directed from the Paris branch, there was a taxable reduction in that branch's earnings by 60,000 French francs for purposes of reporting taxable income in France," it said.

Then, the suit alleged, Nassau's 60,000 French-franc profit was credited back to Paris through a second set of books prepared in accordance with a management accounting system devised in New York.

"By this adjustment," the complaint says, "the Nassau branch's apparent profit from the contrived transaction is eliminated and the European branch is credited on Citibank's second set of books with its actual earnings from the business conducted in the European country."

One banker asked, after studying the alleged transaction, "If Citibank New York needed $4 million from Nassau, why wouldn't it do it directly, rather than through Citibank Paris? There's no commercial justification evident for a ring like that, except for Nassau to capture profits. On the face of it, it's very blatant."

Citibank, of course, heatedly denies the charges and maintains that it was simply following procedures common among big international banks. However, its explanation raises more questions than it answers, and internal memorandums written by high officers in Citibank's international division shed some light on the real reasons the bank embarked on the practice of parking. In addition to trying to reduce its European tax bill, the documents indicate, the bank was also trying to get around foreign exchange control laws imposed by some European countries.

Mr. Edwards charges that transactions similar to the one involving New York, Brussels and Nassau also took place between Nassau and Citibank branches in Milan, London, Frankfurt and Zurich.

The tax benefits could be enormous. A pair of hypothetical examples, prepared with the assistance of Henry J. Bubel, show how a bank can reduce its overall tax liability by $55,000 by shifting $200,000 of earnings from a high-tax foreign country to a low-tax foreign country.

Both hypotheses assume that the bank earns $900,000 abroad and $100,000 in the United States and is eligible for a maximum investment tax credit of $400,000, which it earns by purchasing and leasing computers, airplanes and other expensive equipment. The bank's tax rate is assumed to be 50% in the United States, 55% in Paris and zero in Nassau.

In the first instance, the bank earns $600,000 in Paris and $300,000 in Nassau. It pays $330,000 in taxes to France and $72,000 to the United States, for a total tax bill of $402,000. In the second instance, the bank shifts $200,000 of its Paris income to Nassau, and pays $220,000 in taxes to France and $127,000 to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United States for a total tax bill of only $347,000.

Although the shift of money reduces the amount of foreign tax credits the bank can apply against its U.S. tax bill, and consequently increases the bank's U.S. tax liability, it also allows the bank to take far greater advantage of the investment tax credit (ITC). The ITC is of great significance to Citibank, which conducts the biggest leasing operation of any domestic bank and last year had $8 million of unused credits.

A complex interplay between the ITC and foreign tax credits makes it advantageous for a bank to increase its U.S. taxable income and minimize its income subject to foreign tax. First, the ITC can be used only after a company has already subtracted the foreign tax credits it is due. Second, there is a limitation on the amount of ITC that a company can claim. Generally, the higher the investment tax credit claimed, the greater the domestic income that is needed to make full use of the credit, since only half of the credit above $25,000 can be subtracted from a company's tax bill in excess of that amount.

Regulators and bankers who have studied the charges, along with Edwards's supporting documentation, say that if the transactions occurred as alleged they would clearly involve tax fraud abroad. "If they're really doing this, the purpose is to defraud local governments," said one Washington official.

But of even greater significance than the loss of tax revenue to foreign governments, especially to those concerned with the stability of international banking, is the possibility that such actions, if widespread, could undermine confidence in the integrity of the system.

"I'd wonder about traders getting out of hand," mused one regulator. "Traders are dealers, entrepreneurs. They want to turn that money around. That's why there's that constant pull and tug over foreign exchange operations in banks, with management worrying how it can maintain control over them."

Almost without fail, regulators mentioned that fraudulent foreign exchange trading played a major role in the collapse of both Franklin National and Herstatt Bank (West Germany).

It has long been suspected that the wheeler-dealer atmosphere in the trading rooms of the major banks—and not just the banks in the United States—has played a central role in the collapse of the dollar. Indeed, Mr. Edwards has told U.S. authorities that American banks in Zurich and other European cities have conspired to drive down the dollar by using insider information to profit from European currency transactions. The allegation is currently being investigated by the Justice Department's antitrust division to determine if this constitutes a constraint of trade.

These charges, coming on top of the evidence of profit shifting through parking of foreign exchange positions, emphasize the instability—even recklessness—that pervades some bank trading rooms today. There are some, in fact, who believe that rampant speculation seriously exacerbates the already tumultuous floating rate currency system. Conceivably, the movement in Europe toward a European monetary union and the recent American decision to intervene in the exchange market to halt the slide of the dollar could mark the beginning of a return to more order in the world's exchange rate system.

There is no sign, however, that national tax authorities have begun to grapple with the problems posed by massive bank transfer pricing. If the practice is as widespread as Mr. Edwards alleges, one might conclude that the world's largest banks may be ungovernable and answerable only to themselves and their shareholders.

Indeed, the Bank of England, concerned with preserving London's role as an international financial center, in effect accepts this situation. "The supervision of foreign banks operating in this country is the responsibility of regulators in the country where the parent bank resides," said a spokeswoman. "We have no means of enforcement," she added, expressing an attitude apparently shared by French and German authorities.

For their part, American bank regulators also display no concern about the parking of foreign exchange positions, and note that the practice does not seem to be at the expense of the United States—meaning, apparently, that it is not at the expense of the U.S. Treasury. One Washington official, discussing the parking practice, said: "Obviously, the only suspicion that I could have is that it was to shift income." But, he added, "It does not abuse U.S. rules and regulations."

The trouble with this attitude is that if U.S. banks abroad are evading foreign taxes by parking, the growing number of foreign banks in this country could be doing the same thing. □

The President's New Clothes

NELSON W. ALDRICH, Jr.

Last summer, President Carter had an image problem. Everybody said so, gravely and analytically, as befits discussions of Presidential problems, and everybody was relieved when President Carter took Menachem Begin and Anwar Sadat to the mountaintop of Camp David and there showed himself to be the very image of hospitality—solicitous, generous with his time, quick of understanding, even-handed in his opinions and firmly determined that his guests should profit from their stay. But even as it was formed, that image of Jimmy, the wise and compassionate host, began to fade away. The guests returned to their own homes and resumed their old passions. They have won Nobel Prizes for a peace they have not made, and Carter has donned his new image as Hans Brinker with his finger in the dike of a badly leaking economy.

Nelson Aldrich is currently writing a book on privilege in America for Viking/Penguin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In short, the real problem with the President's image is that he can't make it stick. This is not surprising. We're all confronted with images—our own as well as others'—at every turn of our lives. We finger them—fondly, anxiously—and they rub off like decals. Richard Reeves, worrying about Carter's image last summer in *Esquire*, offered what he conceded to be a fantasy. Carter should close down his press office, keep everyone away from Amy and the dog, speak only to journalists as serious and intelligent as Reeves himself, and take to TV as rarely—and then as dramatically—as possible. Reeves may have had de Gaulle in mind when he tendered Carter this advice, for the French President was the last leader of a democracy to respond to incessant questioning with silence and set speeches, to cultivate an image so stripped down, so unequivocal, that it stirred in the beholder not only acquiescence but awe.

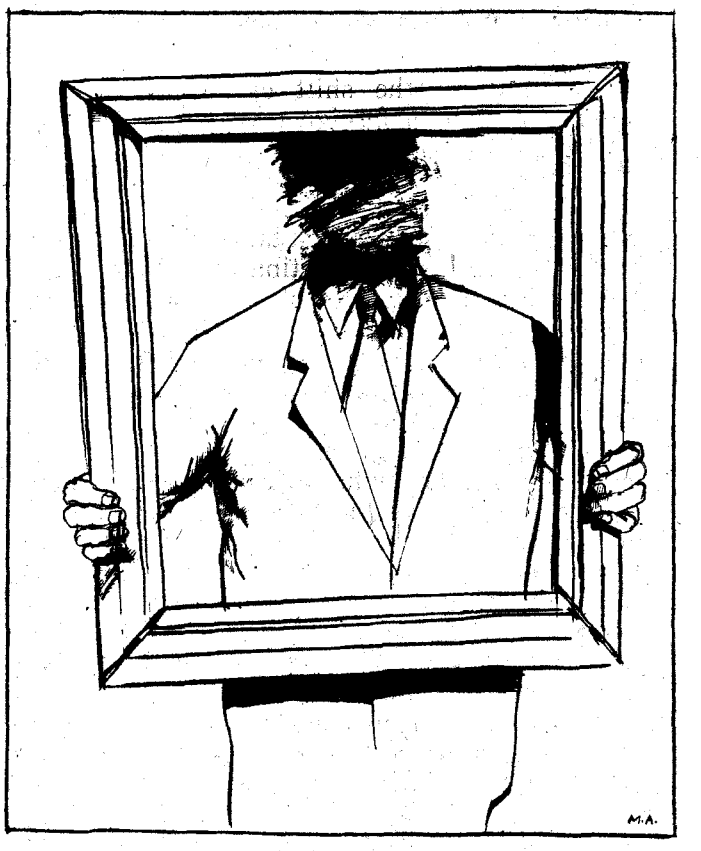
If that was Reeves's fantastic idea, it is Jay Bernstein's daily practice. Jay Bernstein is the Hollywood publicist who, having promoted Farrah Fawcett-Majors to her lonely eminence, is now trying to do the same for Suzanne Somers. Like Reeves and de Gaulle, he knows the importance of keeping too many fingers from touching the image, lest it get smudged with sticky familiarity. "What you do," Bernstein told *Parade* last summer, "is build a transparent bubble around the client to keep everyone at arm's length. The client is inside the bubble and I—just me—travel back and forth."

One sees the force of this image of an image, but for a President it is hardly suitable. It seems at once too coldly removed and too revealing, and that back-and-forth traveler—presumably Jerry Rafshoon, in the present instance—is a disturbing notion. Furthermore, bubbles burst with notorious ease, and that returns us to the terrible evanescence of images.

The image world is a place of real deception, and we've known it for so long that we can hardly bear any more to hear about it. For Carter, however, the ultimate illusion of that world is that, much as it may seem that he belongs there, he really doesn't. Everyone else may belong there, but the President doesn't. Presidents live in stories, not images, or they don't live at all. With Presidents only time will tell, but what time tells is stories.

The trouble is that stories about Presidents need action, action that has substantial consequences, action so vivid that around it coalesces every "special interest," every wayward bit of solipsistic reality, action so vital that even single-issue adversaries will drop their disputes, and so prolonged that even the none-too-bright and the soft-skinned can be brought to participate.

The most recent action through which a President could act out a coherent story was World War II; it provided enough material for every President since FDR—until Carter came along. By then the vividness had leached away. For whether it was a source of stories, as in Eisenhower's *Crusade* and Kennedy's *PT-109*, or as a metaphor for the cold war, World War II enabled every President until the present one to think of himself, and be



thought of by others, as a man at the center of a dramatic historical narrative. What has destroyed that possibility for Carter and his successors is not the memory of Vietnam but its aftermath. Then, as North Vietnam began quarreling with China and China with Russia, all the neat dramaturgical assumptions of the cold war and its unities began to dissolve in an image world of international dimensions.

Today, the cold kind of war is as much a thing of the past as the hot kind, if it ever comes again, will be a thing of the moment. Both, in any case, are unavailable or unsuitable actions by which a President could make his story, his mark on history. Other events might give him the same sort of opportunity as war. An abrupt economic crisis followed by the merest suggestion of ideological struggle would do—so might intense regional conflict. But the economic crisis of our time is unfolding very slowly, the energy crisis couldn't be hyped into the moral equivalent of war, and the conflict between the Sun Belt and the Snow Belt is nothing but a war of hype, unlikely to prove more dramatic than a struggle for market shares between Ultra Brite and Crest.

In the foreseeable future, then, one may hope that this President and his successors will be deprived of the great events through which they could enact their stories. Without them, however, they will remain only images, fleeting, flickering impressions on the mind of the crowd. Presidents may be the only performers left on the human stage who can say, without anyone laughing, that they are concerned about their place in history. But as long as they remain images, they have no more chance than Suzanne Somers of entering history. The history of the image world is written in sociology and psychology, not biography.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Images suffice for a candidate or a celebrity or a star. Such people wear their images like magic cloaks. But the cloaks don't belong to them, they're ours; their images are ours, and it's we who do the acting—by voting, turning on the tube, buying *People* magazine, etc. But a President cannot *be* a President, he has to *do*, to act, and his deeds and actions must be coherent and dramatic. People were saying of Carter's image problem, for example, that he didn't *look* like a President, that he didn't fit the image. We have an image of a banker, a doctor, an investigative reporter, a salesman. But what's our image of a President? Truman in his flowered shirts? Eisenhower on the putting green? Kennedy running after pretty women? Why is it always so embarrassing to be shown a movie President? It's because a President is an illustration that can be drawn only in real action, a character who can achieve reality only in a struggle with great affairs.

There's no lack of great affairs for a President to grapple with, but unlike wars or catastrophic depressions, most of them embroil the President without revealing him, without putting him at the center of the story. First of all, contemporary great affairs don't lend themselves to storytelling. How does one tell the story of the struggle against unemployment? Rosalynn Carter was far off the mark; the media did her man no wrong. The media could have presented an image of Carter the Populist, fighting for every citizen's right to a job. Perhaps they did. The media are wonderful at passing images along to the crowd. But the media can't tell stories, not the unemployment story anyway, not without losing subscribers, buyers, tuners.

Second, nine times out of ten any media article concerning the President will begin with a lie. On September 13, for instance, James Hildreth of UPI wrote: "President Carter may unveil as early as next week a tougher, more specific anti-inflation program. . . ." Who believes that the President designed the program? Of course he takes the heat for it, but to say that he is responsible for it in any other sense is a fiction, a necessary fiction, perhaps, but a fiction isn't a story (even if it isn't quite a lie).

Third, the unremitting publicity in which the President lives is terribly destructive to stories; it's also essential to them, of course: glory or ignominy can't be gained in private. But the sort of publicity the President gets today shows him always and inevitably in the least glorious of lights. No political leader can afford to appear in public less than fully abreast of the events of his time. That's what a politician is, a man who is profoundly *of* his time. Yet suppose (what I'm told is a remotely conceivable event) that an American scientist succeeded tomorrow in cloning himself. Does Carter have a cloning policy? Does he even have any thoughtful convictions on the matter? Is it reasonable to ask him for his opinion? Would we hold his opinion in any higher regard than our own? The answer has to be no.

What is truly pitiless about a President's publicity is not what it does to his private life; the media will protect his private life to a surprising degree. The cruelty is that the publicity is forever catching him out in his ignorance. FDR's assistants and Cabinet members doubtless made up for their employer's limitations on thousands of occasions; nonetheless, they were basically his clerks. Is anyone under the illusion that Schlesinger or Brown or Califano are Carter's clerks, or even that *their* clerks are clerks? Far from being abreast of his times, a contemporary President has to work like an associate professor just to keep abreast of one or two of its main themes. For the rest, the most he can do is run hither and thither in response to the "issues," each time striking a pose—otherwise known as "taking a stand."

Under these circumstances it is inevitable that the President should appear, as Carter was said to have appeared last summer, as having no image at all, of being a blur, a blah and a bore. How could he be otherwise? His successor, barring a sustained calamity, will be lucky to achieve a blur.

For what Carter's image problem signifies in the last analysis is that the Presidency of the United States is an untenable office, on the way to being rendered as harmless—to its incumbents, and to their fellow citizens—as the British monarchy. Its paradox is unbearable: either the President lives in the image world, in which case he dies from overexposure, or he transcends it in storied glory, in which case *we* die from overexposure. A President, that is to say, can do himself no good by simply remaining in office, but if he fulfills the possibilities of the office, he does everyone else immeasurable harm.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Henry Jackson, two Senators who are most eager to glorify themselves by occupying the White House one day, are also the two most prominent voices in the country urging Carter to get tough with the Russians. They remind an English friend of mine of the famous *Daily Telegraph* editorial which is supposed to have provided the push that sent Anthony Eden to his downfall. The paper noted that when the Prime Minister spoke in Parliament he often raised his fist and brought it down smartly into the palm of his hand, but *the gesture made no sound!* What Britain needs, cried the *Telegraph*, is "the smack of firm government." What Britain got, a week or so later, was Suez.

President Carter deserves a bit of glory for resisting what he (as well as Moynihan and Jackson) knows will save his administration from mere imagery—the smack of firm government. He won't get his glory, but he does deserve it, even though there's no story in it. Still, his summer image problem may well emerge in the more anecdotal histories as the moment when the country first became dimly aware that the Presidency had withered away, drifting and lost among all the other images in the image world.

For that is the true significance of one of Carter's most prized legislative accomplishments, civil service reform. With it, the United States began to realize that it was a society far more administered than governed. With the beginnings of a more efficient civil service, the United States could now go on to its destiny, a society held together by a succession of Presidential housekeepers nagged at by husbandly legislators fretful over the distribution of the family income. It is a fu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture wonderfully limned by the expression we use already to describe the limits of Presidential responsibility, "taking the heat." This will be the last Presidential image, a domestic figure in the kitchen passively taking the heat, with "nothing special" cooking on the stove. Whatever the future may tell us was on the stove at Camp David, that homely image of admirable domesticity was what President Carter assumed on the mountaintop. □

Networks

(Continued from Front Cover)

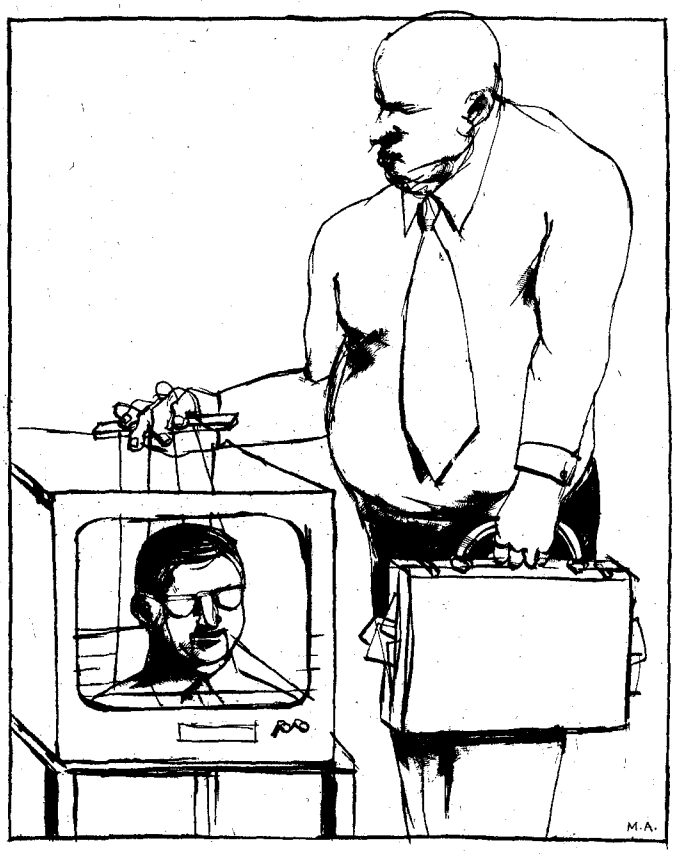
ates. Among the largest of these are the three networks, but it is less often noted that their ownership has, in turn, become concentrated in a relatively small number of financial institutions, especially banks, which often control the majority of voting stock. The full extent to which these institutions dominate the broadcasting industry is difficult to determine, because various loopholes in federal laws make possible a complex system of front accounts and disguised ownership. However, a potential for conflict of interest and outright control of the media exists. Several private and Congressional studies have called attention to the possibility, but it is understandable that they have been given little publicity. No action has resulted.

Media critic Ben H. Bagdikian has written: "One of the greatest exposes of all time was *The New York Times*'s destruction of Boss Tweed's gang, accomplished after the publisher, George Jones, in 1871, turned down an offer of $5 million to suppress the stories. This was pretty crude. Today, a syndicate of lawyers and brokers could use the money to buy an offending news medium, not just knock out one series of articles." The danger Bagdikian describes bears an unsettling resemblance to the situation in today's TV industry. Concentrated ownership may be tolerable in manufacturing or transportation, but concentrated ownership of communications media threatens the free exchange of information and opinion vital to a democratic society. When that ownership is in the hands of banks, themselves heavily vested interests, there is a good reason for alarm.

Current FCC procedure requires the networks, along with all other FCC licensees, to file an annual ownership report with the commission. It must list every owner of more than 1% of the outstanding stock in the corporation, i.e., the network, and must be available for public inspection. Aside from a few large individual owners, most of the listed stockholders are financial institutions. On the surface, the reports seem to be accurate summaries of network ownership, but that is not the case.

By using cumulative investment accounts, known as nominees, banks and other large stockholders can hide the full extent of their holdings. A nominee is basically a technique of convenience, a discretionary agreement with an underlying owner by which the trustee (the bank) votes the stocks assigned to the trust, thereby exercising control since it holds the shares in trust agreement. A nominee owning less than 1% of the stock in a network need not report its holdings to the FCC. Thus, by spreading their holdings over a number of such accounts, banks can conceal the full extent of their interest in the corporation from the FCC and the public.

A 1973 Senate report on disclosure of corporate ownership, issued by Sens. Edmund Muskie and Lee Metcalf, concluded: "The holdings of institutional investors, especially banks, are often hidden from view of regulators and the public through use of multiple nominees.... The consequence ...is *a massive coverup of the extent to which holdings of stock have become concentrated in the hands of very few institutional investors, especially banks*" (italics added). On the subject of media stocks, the report noted: "The potential implications of concentrated ownership by a group of financial institutions in the broadcasting and publishing industries are so great as to merit special attention. These problems would be potentially more intense if the same group of financial intermediaries held a significant proportion of the outstanding voting stock of two or more large competing companies." Several institutions do indeed hold stock in more than one network, and at least five (Chase Manhattan, Prudential, Chemical Bank, Citibank and Bankers Trust, which among them hold 15% of ABC, 12% of CBS and 8% of RCA/NBC) own shares in all three.



Peter Brosnan is writing his graduate thesis at the University of Southern California on the corporate history of broadcasting networks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In addition to holding stock, many of these same institutions are agents or trustees for the debentures, or debts, of the networks. This arrangement places a great deal of power in the hands of a few institutions, since in order to assume control it is not necessary to own an outright majority of stock. When the shares in a company are widely held, control of a relatively small block of stock by a single institution, or by a few who are like-minded, assures disproportionately large influence within the company. The House Banking and Currency Subcommittee and the Securities and Exchange Act of 1932 (as amended in 1970) consider 5% (in some cases as little as 1% or 2%) to be sufficient for great influence, if not outright control.

This fact was recognized long ago by the FCC, which originally limited a bank's ownership to no more than 1% of the stock in a given broadcasting company. In 1972, however, the FCC raised the limit to 5%. It did so because so many banks were violating the 1% rule that, to comply with it, nineteen of them would have been forced to divest themselves of nearly $1 billion in stock. In other words, since the banks would not obey the law, the law had to be changed. Actually, FCC rules now permit banks to own far more than 5%, provided they submit a "disclaimer of intent to control," a meaningless legal formality. They have, in effect, been given carte blanche to control the nation's broadcasting companies.

The banks, of course, deny any interest in controlling network policy, but the question is whether, as a society, we need or should permit the risk of such abuse. Those who argue that no action need be taken until there is abundant evidence of abuse fool themselves. As former FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson has pointed out: "Abuse is very hard to show, and there is no institution in our society that regularly examines the functioning of the mass media to determine whether these abuses occur. . . .Legitimate editorial judgment to include, alter, or omit information is almost impossible to distinguish from similar decisions motivated by corporate economic self-interest."

Print journalism has long acknowledged its responsibility to place public interest ahead of maximum profit. That the networks have no such policy is apparent to any observer of the ongoing ratings wars, current programming, or profit figures. Simply by assuming ever greater profits from the networks, stockholding banks exert a demonstrable influence over programming. As "bottom-line" consciousness increases, and the business school graduates with their demographics and pocket-calculator mentalities gain more and more say on the choice of material, certain types of programs just don't get on the air. Documentaries, or responsible, in-depth news reports, for example, usually earn poor ratings and, if controversial, risk loss of sponsors or audiences. Dollar sagacity, then, dictates their omission from seasonal schedules. Thus, in a very real way, bottom-line responsibility to stockholders becomes a form of censorship.

A look at 1977 ownership figures for the three major networks reveals the extent of the financial community's interest in, and potential influence over, these companies.

RCA/NBC. Since the National Broadcasting Company is a wholly owned subsidiary of RCA Corp., ownership reports filed for individual NBC stations reflect the ownership figures of the parent company. According to the 1977 report for KNBC-TV, only four holders of record (Chase Manhattan, St. Louis Union Trust, Merrill Lynch, and one individual) own more than 1% of the stock of RCA. Together, they control nearly 10% of the stock outstanding. This, to be sure, places a controlling interest in the hands of a relative few, but it is a tip-of-the-iceberg figure for RCA, whose ownership information has proved misleading in the past.

In 1972, for example, RCA told the FCC that only six stockholders owned more than 1% of its stock, holding a total of 13.7% of stock outstanding. That same year, the Muskie/Metcalf investigative group obtained from RCA a list of its "Thirty Top Stockholders." It included a number of nominee accounts, each of which held less than 1% of stock. From this list emerged a picture of RCA ownership considerably different from what the corporation had reported to the FCC, a picture which exposed the glaring deficiencies in the FCC's ownership reporting procedures.

Not listed, for example, was First National Bank of Chicago, which held a full 2% of RCA stock spread over three nominee accounts, each having less than 1%. Similarly, First National City Bank divided its 1.1% of RCA stock between two nominees. Chase Manhattan, through its nominee Egger & Co., held an additional unreported 0.5%, and Chemical Bank, with 250,000 shares, also avoided disclosure.

In total, the "Thirty Top Stockholders" list showed that nearly 25% of RCA was controlled by nine banks and a handful of insurance companies and individuals. And this, too, is only a partial figure, based as it is on a list of only thirty stockholders in a corporation with more than 250,000 stockholders. A further study, made in 1973 by The Network Project, a Columbia University research group, concluded that "30% of RCA voting stock is controlled by eleven banks and a handful of investment and insurance companies, whose ownership is spread over a large number of [nominee] accounts."

ABC. The history of the American Broadcasting Company is somewhat different from that of its sister networks, a fact reflected in stockholder figures. RCA and CBS started up in the 1920s and were for many years tightly held companies. ABC was created in 1944 when the Justice Department forced RCA to divest itself of one of its two networks, the Red and the Blue. E.J. Noble, the "Life-Savers" tycoon, bought the Blue network for $8 million, and it became ABC. Four years later, the company made a public offering of 500,000 shares of stock, which sold out at $9 a share in four hours. In following years, ABC became an attractive investment and was soon far more dominated by financial institutions than CBS or RCA.

Today, with almost 18 million shares of stock held by more than 16,000 shareholders, nearly 80% of ABC is held by a relative handful of banking interests. (See table.)

CBS. The stock of Columbia Broadcasting System is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

generally assumed to be widely held, with nearly 28 million shares in the hands of 38,000 shareholders. However, according to the 1977 ownership report, eight banks, four funds and three members of the board of directors own nearly 35%—an unchallengeable controlling interest. Further figures from *Vicker's Guides* to bank trusts, insurance companies and investment companies show that about 200 financial institutions—roughly 0.5% of CBS shareholders—control 62.66% of CBS stock. Again, as with RCA, this should be considered a partial figure since further amounts are likely held in nominee accounts of less than 1%.

In 1973 the Muskie/Metcalf group found that 14% of CBS was controlled by Chase Manhattan Bank, which is, of course, the cornerstone of the Rockefeller financial group, with David Rockefeller as chairman and president. ("Does CBS Have a Friend at Chase Manhattan?" *Variety* asked in a headline when the report was issued.) According to the latest ownership report, Chase now owns less than 1%, although there is reportedly much more in small nominee accounts. *Vicker's Guide* reports that Chase has 1.19% of CBS in its Trust Department. It is worth noting that Chase and the other Rockefeller institutions are among the largest holders of network stock, with substantial interests in all three networks.

WHO OWNS ABC

1977 Ownership Report to FCC
Total Shares Outstanding: 17,886,000;
Total Shareholders: 16,184

Shareholders	% of Total Shares
Bankers Trust	6.24
Chase Manhattan	4.38
First Nat'l Bank, Boston	3.28
plus 135,000 shares managed by Putnam Management	0.85
Irving Trust Company	4.11
Directors & Officers	3.32
State St. Bank & Trust	3.06
Morgan Guaranty	2.85
Citibank	2.41
Bank of New York	2.32
United Missouri Bank of Kansas City	1.34
plus 35,000 shares managed by Supervised Investment Svcs.	.20
State Teacher's Retirement System, Ohio	1.51
Detroit Bank and Trust	1.02
plus 75,000 shares managed by Mass. Financial Svcs., Co.	.42
Chemical Bank	1.41
Merrill Lynch	1.23
Mfr's. Nat'l Bank, Detroit	1.01
Total	40.96%

Not reported to the FCC, but listed in *Vickers Guides* to: Insurance Companies, Investment Companies, Bank Trust Portfolios:

1st Penna. Bank	2.42
Continental Illinois National Bank	1.30
Mfr's. Nat'l. Bank of Detroit (In addition to 180,770 shares reported to the FCC)	1.22
Aetna Life Insurance	0.97
Prudential Insurance	0.73
Aetna Casualty & Surety	0.19
65 investment funds	18.10
42 insurance companies	5.80
27 banks	5.60
Total	36.33%

Thus an incredible 77.29% of ABC common stock is held by a tight circle of financial institutions, comprising less than 1% of all ABC stockholders.

What makes this interesting, if not ominous, is the publication of *Crisis of Democracy*, a report on the "governability of democracies" to David Rockefeller's Trilateral Commission. In a section, "Restoring a Balance Between Government and Media," the report complains that "the press has taken an increasingly critical role towards government and public officials." To remedy the situation "*significant measures are required* to restore an appropriate balance between the press, the government, and other institutions in society . . . there are obviously important [First Amendment] rights to be protected, but the broader interests of society and government are also at stake" (italics added). The report then calls for legislation to "regulate" the press, such as assuring government "the right and ability to withhold information at the source. . . . The courts should consider moving promptly to reinstate the law of libel as a necessary and appropriate check upon the abuses of power by the press. Journalists should develop their own standards. . .the alternative could well be regulation by the government." Or regulation by the stockholders?

To be sure, broadcasting is not the only industry in which the market forces of the past twenty years have encouraged a heavy concentration of ownership; it exists as well in manufacturing, transportation and utilities. But as Joe Saltzman, veteran broadcaster and producer, now head of the Broadcasting Department at the School of Journalism, University of Southern California, says: "The concentration of such power is frightening in any American business and it is critical in the broadcasting industry."

Until now there unfortunately has been little research in this area and little pressure for new laws for regulation of ownership. One course of action might be to return to the original 1% ownership limit for banks. Should such disinvestiture prove impractical, an alternative might be to separate ownership and control, that is, to prohibit financial institutions from voting their stocks. That remedy has already been proposed by Robert Soldofsky, a professor at the University of Michigan's School of Business. The current debate over the new Communications Act could provide the perfect forum for an open and overdue discussion of these issues. The opportunity may not come again. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sen. James Abourezk,
Bella Abzug, Julian Bond, Norman Cousins,
Clay Felker, Milos Forman, Joseph Heller,
Cong. Elizabeth Holtzman, Vernon Jordan,
Jerzy Kosinski, J. Anthony Lukas,
Sen. George McGovern, Joseph Papp,
Sen. William Proxmire, Gail Sheehy,
I.F. Stone, Tom Wicker **read it.**

Cesar Chavez, Ramsey Clark, Fred Cook,
Harold Clurman, E.L. Doctorow,
Jules Feiffer, Frances FitzGerald,
John Kenneth Galbraith, Ralph Nader,
Marcel Ophuls, Octavio Paz,
Nora Sayre, Studs Terkel,
Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. **write it.**

Victor Navasky **edits it.**

We've changed the face of The Nation. The new Nation is something to see.

Why is today's Nation, from editorial to the arts, wiser and wittier than anything in the field? The answer is in the people who read it, write it, and edit it.

Join them. Say "yes" to our enticing offer in the coupon.

The Nation.

333 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10014

YES! Send me six months (24 issues) of The Nation at the low introductory rate of $8.95. I understand I may cancel at anytime and receive a prompt refund for all undelivered copies.

☐ I enclose $8.95 For saving you billing costs I will receive four extra issues free.

☐ Enclosed is $21 for one full year (47 issues).

* Add $1.00 (or equivalent U.S. funds) per year for Canada and Mexico, $2.00 (or equivalent U.S. funds) for all other foreign subscriptions.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

9-N

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Vietnam Sandwich

PETER McINERNEY

WRITING UNDER FIRE. Stories of the Vietnam War. *Edited by Jerome Klinkowitz and John Somer. Delta. 274 pp. $4.95.*

Writing Under Fire collects twenty stories of the Vietnam era, but only a few are written as if under fire, and not all of them have to do with the war in Vietnam. The stories are sandwiched between an introduction and a bibliography. Such a collection is timely and might make the Vietnam era accessible to a classroom readership for whom the war in Vietnam and at home must already be a textbook affair. The intention is a good one, but its execution in *Writing Under Fire* is flawed. Editors Klinkowitz and Somer have made their Vietnam sandwich from very stale bread.

The staleness is due to the editors' decision to restrict its contents to stories which appeared during the years of American combat activity in Vietnam, 1964-73. But in fact their examples are drawn more narrowly. None of the stories are dated later than 1972, and all but three were published in that year or 1969 or 1971. Most of the stories come from the period of recoil and retreat, when the spectrum of feeling about the war was limited to sophisticated horror. Instead of documenting a generation of response to a long, complex event, they have assembled an album of snapshots from periodicals issued over a four-year stretch.

The anthology also lacks coherence. Fiction is not distinguished from reporting, and self-contained short stories line up beside excerpts from longer works. No literature written by the enemy or by apologists for the American adventure in Asia is included. The introduction states that "two dozen novels about the war were published during America's active involvement," and the bibliography lists twenty, but twice that number is more accurate. Some of the best writing of the limited period chosen is absent—Stone's *The Coasts of War*, Ford's *Incident at Muc Wa*, Mailer's *Why Are We in Vietnam?*, Huggett's *Body Count*. The 1973 cutoff date for eligibility also creates a false boundary, implying that literature about the war in Vietnam is no longer possible.

Writing Under Fire's real value stems from its rescue of short fiction from back numbers of literary quarterlies. Many of the stories included here are powerful and accomplished, though sometimes overwritten. They range from Johanna Kaplan's "Dragon Lady," an account of a female Viet Cong sniper, to Alain Arias-Misson's "Vietnam Superfiction," a metafictional narrative that cites newspaper reports and captioned news photos and then meditates on them. The third selection, Tom Mayer's "A Birth in the Delta," describes a grisly Caesarian delivery made by a medic "in best Ben Casey fashion" from a Vietnamese killed by American artillery fire. The image of the dead foetus lying beside its dead mother is juxtaposed with an image of American corpses gathered together like covered wagons in the next story, William Eastlake's "The Biggest Thing Since Custer." Under attack while collecting remains from massacred Alpha Company, Eastlake's graves registration crew find themselves outnumbered in an Asian version of "Sioux Territory." Certainly these stories are written as if their characters were under fire, and their clarity and simplicity make for powerful statements. But belying the editors' title these, along with Michael Herr's "Illumination Rounds," are the only examples of straight combat writing in the book.

By far the largest group of stories concerns characters and incidents removed from the fighting. Presumably these choices reflect the editors' own taste, since they employ, in the words of the introduction, "more artifice." There is Victor Kolpacoff's Kafkaesque "The Room," a story about a disaffected American interrogator, and Thomas Parker's "Troop Withdrawal—The Initial Step," a catch-22 fantasy about killing off a hated lieutenant by paperwork. War-front stories give way to stories of the home front. Paul Friedman's "Portrait: My American Man, Fall 1966" is a brilliantly colloquial extended paragraph which weaves together a family's consciousness of the war. "It should be Sunday," the story begins, and it is—Dad digests the news with his breakfast, son Jerry waits with him in the living room for the Jets game to start, wondering whether to grow a beard, and wife Adele chats with them as she talks on the telephone. "There's a war in Vietnam," Dad thinks. "Maybe I'm stupid," he continues, "but it seems to me we got a war in Bedford-Stuyvesant. . . .Goddam politicians, how dumb do they think we are?" Ward Just figures out an answer to Dad's question in "The Congressman Who Loved Flaubert." Congressman LaRuth's love for Flaubert's pessimism prevents him from taking advantage of a liberal academic group's plea for his support in introducing an anti-war resolution, and his fellow Louisianian, member Winston, rides it to a coveted Senatorial campaign.

If politicians in Just's story see the war as a political football, the principals in Harvey Jacobs's "The Negotiators" see it as an occasion for historical grandstanding and enjoyment of French cuisine. A cynical burlesque of the Paris peace talks between Kissinger and Le Duc Tho, Jacobs's story poses as the American negotiator's journal, and includes jottings about a girl shared one night by the adversaries who have become intimate, and ends with their drunken dancing in a hotel room. "As for the war," writes the Distinguished Representative at the end of each entry, "it goes on."

Among the remaining stories, Michael Rossman's "The Day We Named Our Child We Had Fish for Dinner" is an inadvertent reminder of how, in Congressman LaRuth's words, "the war poisoned everything." In Rossman's story the young narrator's wife does not have her pregnancy interrupted by artillery fire, and the couple agrees to call the child "Lorca, if it's a boy." The fatuity of this peace-activist storyteller seems more apparent now than it might have ten years ago. His acid-hangover consciousness of his own curious heroism demonstrates that even anti-war warfare was infected and diseased.

The collection concludes with three highly speculative fictions which seem inspired by the war in Vietnam but not directly related to it. J.G. Ballard's "The University of Death" suggests that berserk American institutions educate people to orchestrate mass killings according to an empty aesthetic developed in "the post-Warhol era." Alain Arias-Misson's "Vietnam Superfiction" performs a Chomskian linguistic analysis of news stories. The last selection, James B. Hall's hallucinated "God Cares, but Waits," is almost as hard to read. These final stories appear to be profound, and perhaps they are, but they look too pretentious and thus too trivial for matters of life and death. They speak for the editors' own sense of the war in Vietnam and its literature as

Peter McInerney teaches literature at the University of Pennsylvania.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"artifice." "For the argument of this literature," they write, is "that life itself is the ultimate superfiction." "Art" is important, not the war—"there is no novel or story about Vietnam." Klinkowitz and Somer treat us to other maundering dicta, such as "in Vietnam, America lost its innocence, and by that process grew immeasurably in its art," and "the atrophy of the self in the realm of abstraction. . . ." Such phrasemongering is silly, especially in an essay that inveighs against "abstracting forces" as the cause of American barbarities. The editors seem to have borrowed their critical vocabulary from the "post-Warhol era." Though they have tried to make a museum of literary devices from stories of the Vietnam era, the felt life in many of the narratives has withstood their pedantic fire. □

No Bugles, No Drums

FREDERICK C. STERN

WINNING HEARTS & MINDS: War Poems by Vietnam Veterans. *Edited by Larry Rottman, Jan Barry and Basil T. Paquet. McGraw-Hill, 119 pp. $1.95.*

DEMILITARIZED ZONES: Veterans After Vietnam. *Edited by Jan Barry and W.D. Erhart. East River Anthology. 182 pp. $2.95.*

The expectations I brought to these volumes will be shared by many of their readers, I suspect, for this poetry is a part of what remains of the peace movement, a sign of an era which now seems very distant. I ended my reading of them with mixed feelings, a good deal more positive than negative, but mixed, nevertheless.

Hearts & Minds is essentially poetry about the war itself, while *Demilitarized Zones* (which the editors call *DMZ* in their introduction) focuses on the war's aftermath. Unlike such standards of war poetry as Siegfried Sassoon's and Wilfred Owens's, the anti-war poetry of *Hearts & Minds* is highly political, reminding one of the simplicity and intensity of peace-movement politics in the 1960s. The awfulness here is not the result of some uncontrollable force, a condition called war which is an inevitable aspect of human history but rather of an America—and Americans, including the poets—bent on enforcing the unjust and imperialistic conquest of a peaceful people:

Black silks, black mud, knee deep they work the rice
Bamboo plow furrows through the rows, a black wake behind
Simple thoughts and lives—the targets of our progress

Another poem, Charles M. Purcell's "The Walk," ends with the following directive:

Take the war out of the T.V.s and put it in the complacent streets
Kick America awake
Before it dies in its sleep.

Many of the poems concentrate on the technology of a war in which technology became virtually an end in itself. In a poem entitled "S.O.P.," Larry Rottman writes:

To build a "gook stretcher," all you need is:
Two helicopters
Two long, strong ropes,
And one elastic gook.

A number of poems use the helicopter as an appropriate metaphor for the special brutality which distance and an advanced technology allow. Elsewhere the Vietnam gun, the plastic M-16, is celebrated in the comic book language appropriate to its toylike appearance:

The M-16 sure is a marvelous gun.
In a god-awful war
It provides some keen fun.

Napalm and body bags (plastic sacks like those made for trash) also figure in the imagery of a poetry obsessed with the lessons of technology.

There is no hint here of the glory and excitement of war. Of course, the soldiers who wrote this verse are not necessarily typical. These poems were selected by editors of the ". . . 1st Casualty Press, a company formed by members of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War to create a forum for writings coming out of the Indochina experience." But the bitterness, the absolute disaffection with the war here is not untypical either, judging by the desertion rate of the war years. Most of the writers served in the field, and the note of guilt, theirs and ours, is probably the most memorable feature of their poems.

Demilitarized Zones, published some four years after *Hearts & Minds*, is nicely described by its editors: "If the poems in our predecessor volume . . . were written out of fire—and indeed they were—these works are written out of the ashes." While some poems in *DMZ* hark back to the war themes of *Hearts & Minds*, most of them deal with the war's consequences at home—guilt, lack of employment, fear that the war will be forgotten, anger at having been there. There is a sense in which it is a collection of poems similar to the present spate of " 'Nam movies," like *Coming Home* and *Who'll Stop the Rain*, but the poems are much sharper and have much greater bite.

These are poems of disillusionment, regret and disaster in the postwar world. If *Hearts & Minds* smells of the marijuana prevalent in the war, *DMZ* is a book laced with heroin. The editors' comment is accurate: "The early veterans came back from a land few Americans had ever heard of. The last veterans came back from a land few Americans want to remember. Almost all of us came back to a homeland which bore little resemblance to the one we left—not because it had changed, but because we had." W.D. Erhart captures this sense of estrangement in a short poem, "Making the Children Behave":

Do they think of me now
In those strange Asian villages
Where nothing ever seemed
Quite human
But myself
And my few green friends
Moving through them
Hunched
In lines?

When they tell stories to their children
Of the evil
That awaits misbehavior,
Is it me they conjure?

Just as the body bag is a primary metaphor of *Hearts & Minds*, so the dream of the war, drug induced or not, is central to *DMZ*. These nightmare poems center on the hopelessness of the returned soldier. Nothing in the United States seems to salve his wounds, assuage his guilt, provide a future. Vietnam is not his ticket to the Legion post and the reviewing stand. Poems bear titles such as "The Obsession," "Sleeping with the Lights On" and "Mainline Quatrains." A little more sophisticated in some ways than *Hearts & Minds*, *DMZ* is as immediate, and perhaps more powerful than its predecessor.

I think it almost impossible that the reader will be left unmoved by the poems in these two books. They are composed of enough agonizing pain and self-loathing to touch alike the hardened jingoist and the hardened peacenik. And yet much of this poetry suffers from severe limitations: it is as politically and ideologically naive as the peace move-

Frederick Stern teaches literature at the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle.

Coming soon: A symposium review of Charles Silberman's *Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice;* and Benjamin DeMott's discussion of Mina Shaughnessy's *Errors and Expectations*, a book which meets the challenge of Open Admissions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MICHEL FOUCAULT'S iconoclastic exploration of modern man's obsession with sex

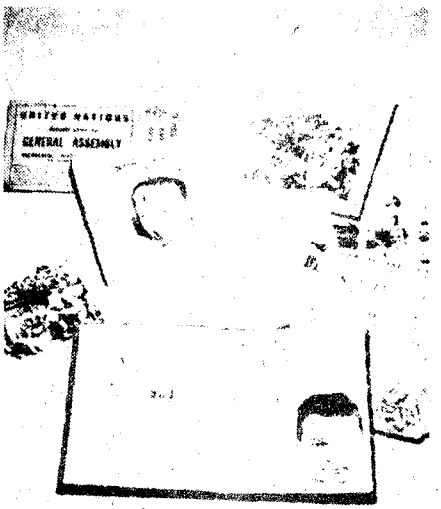
"Fascinating...one can quarrel with Foucault on many grounds...but the provocative brilliance of his thought remains...this is a book that philosophers and social scientists are going to have to read—whether they like it or not."—Kirkus Reviews. "Brilliant...The overview it provides will open new horizons of critical awareness." —Library Journal

THE HISTORY OF SEXUALITY

Volume I: AN INTRODUCTION
Translated by Robert Hurley
$8.95

Artwork by Doris Adams and Lee Hafferman, courtesy

A new edition of I.F. Stone's classic eyewitness account of the modern Exodus



Hailed on its original publication as "a notable journalistic achievement" (New York Times) and as one of the most gripping testaments of our time, Underground to Palestine, in this new edition, includes an Epilogue, "Confessions of a Jewish Dissident" and "The Other Zionism," which provides new perspectives on the urgent search for peace in the Middle East.

UNDERGROUND TO PALESTINE

And Reflections Thirty Years Later
by I.F. STONE
$10, cloth; $3.95, paper

Artwork by Kenneth Miyamoto

"Orientalism is that rare thing—a continuously interesting book."*

"Investigates the rise, development, and institutionalism of Oriental-Islamic studies with brilliant directness and wit...Of special interest at a time when the Occident is being compelled, out of self-interest, to recognize some of the hitherto invisible realities of the Middle East."

* —RICHARD POIRIER, Rutgers University

ORIENTALISM

by EDWARD W. SAID
$15

The Snake Charmer by Jean Leon Gerome, courtesy the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute

NOW AT YOUR BOOKSTORE PANTHEON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment was, and as poetry it is very uneven.

The political naivete is not surprising. The writers of these poems, disgusted with the war and aware of it as a betrayal of almost everything they believed, rarely go beyond that sense of disgust to some understanding of the politics of resistance, or even to a full understanding of the history which made Vietnam a likely result of America's post-World War II policies. Only rarely do the poems connect the brutality of the war with our brutalities to blacks and Indians. The poems see the war as though it had sprung from the sins of a few evil men in command, and not from a long history. In that sense, the poems echo rather precisely the history of the political anti-war movement, which also failed to acquire an ideology of sufficient sophistication to carry it beyond the "Peace Now" stage.

It is more difficult to comment in general about the poems' poetic quality, because of their variety. Many of them have been published elsewhere, some in rather distinguished journals and in books from prestigious presses. But on the whole one suspects that most will not "hold up," that in another generation or two they will be seen as interesting and moving social commentary, only peripherally connected with the development of contemporary poetry.

By far the largest number of poems in the books are neither innovative nor connected to recent innovations in poetry. Moreover, many of those which move us by their content cannot be thought of as particularly interesting in terms of language, metaphor, compression, or most of the other means by which we can judge quality in contemporary verse. Nothing here approaches the best of World War II poetry—Randall Jarrell's, say, or Karl Shapiro's.

What is perhaps most remarkable about the poems is their specificity. Jarrell's comment about William Carlos Williams—"he reproduces the details of what he sees with surprising freshness, clarity and economy"—can be applied to many of these poems. Unfortunately, one cannot nearly as often apply the rest of Jarrell's comment about Williams; that is, too often the poems fail in letting us see ". . .just as extraordinarily, sometimes, the forms of this earth, the spirit moving behind the letters."

Nevertheless, it is clear to me that at least some of this work will, in time, lead its authors to the writing of a richer poetry. To select an example, one can point to W.D. Erhart, who appears in both books and is an editor of one of them. Erhart has published several chapbooks since he edited *DMZ*, the most recent of which, the 1978 *Empire*, demonstrates his growth as a poet while it retains the personality which emerges in the war poems.

There is a sense in which any review of *DMZ* and *Hearts & Minds* is inadequate. It is impossible to summarize or to convey in prose the power, the terror, the anger which is the stuff of these two volumes. Nothing I have said can detract from that quality. Whatever their limitations, the books are potent and trenchant reminders of the war America seems bent on forgetting. □

A Secret About A Secret

PATRICIA BOSWORTH

AVEDON PHOTOGRAPHS: 1947-1977. *By Richard Avedon. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Unpaginated. $50.*

Richard Avedon, best known for creating a style of photography so alive with movement and drama his subjects seem about to jump off the page, has just completed an impressive new book.

The book—called simply *Avedon Photographs: 1947-1977*—is not only a chronicle of intriguing faces, it is an elegant visual history of the rise and fall of French *haute couture*, a sensitive, witty record of what is trendy and what is enduring in the moody world of fashion.

(Coincidentally, the day the book was published its contents were laid end to end like glorified mug shots in Bloomingdale's front window, and that night these same portraits, some magnified to colossal proportions were gawked at by a crowd of 5,000 who jammed the opening of Avedon's retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.)

While most of the photographs were done on assignment for *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue*, some, like the tear-streaked model holding flowers in the Gare de Lyon, are personal favorites of Avedon's that have never been published before.

The book begins with a sun-washed dreamy photograph of Dior's workroom in 1947. It is one of Avedon's truly meditative studies and it is beautiful. A model is being draped and pinned with fabric while in the background, reflected against huge mirrors, a seamstress bends over her thimble, making a pure silk lining no one will ever see.

From then on the pages are full of hectic movement. Avedon likes to photograph clothes the way they are worn—in action—so his models run and dance and even roller skate down the Place de la Concorde showing off their Patous, their voluminous Laroche coats.

Halfway through the book Avedon switches his focus from *haute couture* to the fashionable personality—to celebrities such as Gloria Vanderbilt, Janis Joplin, Joan Baez and Bianca Jagger creating their own styles. Their images and others—splendidly juxtaposed—also provide a series of interconnected recognizable visions in narrative sequence. One can almost watch the waist cinchers and the girdles disappearing behind the allure of the violent pop 1960s (see the close-up of Twiggy naked under her mini-dress).

Throughout the book one is constantly aware of Avedon's ability to evoke not just the way women *look* but the way they *are*. Contrast the kneeling figure of the Vicomtesse de Ribes, hands out like paws, with the candid portrait of Renata Adler, wearing what is now considered unisex fashion of the 1970s—a white shirt and cords.

The only disappointment in the book is the preface by the novelist Harold Brodkey, who defines—much too generally—the meaning of photography, the meaning of time. Yes, a picture is a paradox, both fact and fiction: yes, it is an aesthetic object and a document, a revelation, a recapitulation. But Brodkey only refers to Avedon in passing and this is Avedon's book, and Avedon's work cries out for a specific essay on him, as an artist and a man.

One can't help remembering the masterpiece, *Diary of a Century*, a collection of photographs by Jacques H. Lartigue. For that collection (which Avedon edited) Lartigue wrote personal captions under each picture.

Avedon might have done the same for his own book—there are undoubtedly memories, anecdotes, details surrounding every one of these 162 images. How for example did he get the idea of immortalizing the beauteous Dovima caressing two trumpeting elephants while modeling a Dior evening gown? Why was Marilyn Monroe yowling in her sequined Norell? I would also like to know the story behind the androgynous trio playing cards so close together on the beach at Ibiza.

Avedon once said that a photograph is a secret about a secret. Even if this is so, it may well be his otherwise dazzling book could still benefit from a few more hints, a few more provocative clues. □

Patricia Bosworth, a former managing editor of Harper's Bazaar, *is the author of* Montgomery Clift, a Biography *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Incest

Although the victims reported that they felt helpless and powerless to resist their fathers, the incestuous relationship did give them some semblance of power within the family. Many of the daughters effectively replaced their mothers and became their fathers' surrogate wives. They were also deputy mothers to the younger children, and were generally given some authority over them. Many girls felt an enormous sense of responsibility for holding the family together. They also knew that, as keepers of the incest secret, they had an extraordinary power which could be used to destroy the family. Their sexual contact with their fathers conferred on them a sense of possessing a dangerous, secret power over the lives of others. Keeping up appearances became a necessary, expiating act, at the same time that it increased the daughters' sense of isolation and shame.

What is most striking to us about thi
stellation, in which the
in the

...from an article on incest between fathers and daughters by Judith Herman and Lisa Hirschman. In The Sciences. From family constellations to galaxies, The Sciences takes the critical look. Handsome, original, lively, The Sciences represents the best science commentary you'll find anywhere on human behavior, culture, the physical sciences – by Ashley Montagu, Stephen Jay Gould, B.F. Skinner, John Money, Peter Medawar ...Subscribe today. It's only ten dollars a year.

The Sciences. More than science.

The Sciences

☐ Here's my check or money order for $10.00 ($2.50 off the newsstand price) for the next ten issues of **The Sciences.**
☐ Bill me later. Add $2.50 for foreign subscriptions

Name

Address

City State

Zip

The Sciences
2 East 63rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10021

Published by The New York Academy of Sciences N2

and to do it.
frequent choice. The father
assume the wife's maternal role when she is incapacitated. He feels that his first right is to continue to receive the services which his wife formerly provided, sometimes including sexual services.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Among the Abstract Expressionists Mark Rothko belongs in a subgroup with Clyfford Still and Barnett Newman. These are the Field painters, so-called for their use of spectrally close color on a large scale. Still and Newman have contended for priority, but there was never any doubt that Rothko was the last of the three, starting in 1949, to paint holistically—that is to say, treating the whole surface of the canvas as one image, rather than dividing it into irregular areas and forms and balancing them. Differences of a year or two matter very much to artists and historians, but later, when one looks at the work itself, performance can expunge priority. The Rothko exhibition at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum (until January 14) covers his work from the 1920s to his death in 1970. The Field paintings, which occupy most of the museum, make a ravishing panorama of color ranging from the radiant to the somber.

When the paintings made after 1949 are spread around the museum, Rothko's structural consistency becomes evident: he uses a vertical format crossed with horizontal clouds/strata of color. The variety of the color is astonishing, far beyond the familiar oranges and yellows of the earlier and the plums and maroons of the later work. Grouped together, the internal variety of the bright earlier pieces is revealed; equally the differentiation between one dark painting and another emerges with perfect clarity. As the Guggenheim is essentially one big room, visible at a glance, installations there have tended to maintain a single level of lighting, so that the ramps should not appear gappy or uneven. Diane Waldman, who organized the show, has boldly departed from custom: the upper half of the museum (early work) is brightly illuminated, the lower half more dimly. She has taken her cue from the artist, noting that Rothko insisted on low lights for his later work at the Museum of Modern Art exhibition in 1961, but that in 1952 "had asked that his paintings be hung in blazing light."

This matter of lighting is important, because bright light tends to emphasize the boundaries, the object quality, of a painting, whereas lower illumination enables a painting to be experienced less physically, more as a surface. Robert Goldwater, who knew Rothko's work better than most, described his paintings as "lacking all traces of the process of their making." He was writing about the dimly lit 1961 exhibition when the protective penumbra effaced process and dematerialized the paintings as objects. With "blazing light," however, all this is changed. Rothko worked on paintings a long time, using brushes, his fingers and rags to dab, rub and blot. All this working is visible in a bright light: the surface shows up as patchy, scrubbed, greasy, spattered, worn. The stretcher bars in the back often imprint their outlines on the face of the canvas.

The same effect can be observed at the Pace Gallery, where "The 1958-1959 Murals" are on view (until November 25). In the late 1950s Rothko was concerned with murals, basically as an opportunity to paint in series; the two sets of paintings shown here are an impressive addition to his *oeuvre*. The Tate Gallery, London, has the third and final set and when I saw it last, a couple of years ago, it too was in bright light. It appears that Rothko's paintings, as they enter the public realm, beyond the artist's curatorial reach, are destined to be physicalized. The saturated canvases reveal an indescribable compost of thinly applied, many-layered paint, the specks and stains of which generate extraordinarily resonant color.

Writers on Rothko stress the frontal symmetry of his planes of color, presented head-on to the spectator. Of course we read paintings from left to right and Rothko made subtle use of this fact to implement "frontality." The ranked blocks of color are not only symmetrical, they are directional: the layout of the colors resembles paragraphs or stanzas. His visual forms imply linguistic structure: the left-to-right reading and the divisions of the canvas insinuate the idea of a text. Thus Rothko's paintings can be connected to his friend Adolph Gottlieb's pictographs: Gottlieb used forms that resembled archaic signs; Rothko evokes the page or tablet. It is a means of implying a powerful if undeclared message, a momentous content, which is central to Still, Newman and Rothko.

Of the 1961 exhibition, controlled by the artist, Robert Goldwater wrote that it "ignores the first sixteen of Rothko's thirty-two exhibiting years." Thus, "the insight of origins has been denied the spectator, who is confronted with a vision without sources." Diane Waldman has supplied all the material that Goldwater missed, but the obstinate fact is that Rothko was a slow starter. His early figure studies are awkward and his subway scenes turn out to be Mannerist, not subterranean, somewhat in the style of Massimo Campigli. It is in the 1940s that Rothko gets going, with watercolor and a surrealist-affiliated biomorphic imagery, of which "Slow Swirl at the Edge of the Sea" (1944) is the masterpiece. (Incidentally this painting used to be in the collection of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, but a past director traded it with the artist for a new work, a routine plum. Here is another argument against "de-accessioning.")

Rothko belongs to an indigenous tradition, that of American tonalism. Soft edges and underlying geometry, cloudiness fixed by points of color as precise as beauty spots or radar blips; this sounds as much like Whistler as Rothko. Whistler believed that a painting was finished only when all the evidence of its formation was removed. This is not the effect of Rothko's canvases in a bright light, but it is their effect in the dim ambiance that he preferred. The dematerialized glow of his paintings, when lit according to the artist's wishes, suggests an environmental version of Whistler's nocturnes, or a Whistlerian version of Monet's lily ponds.

The appraisal of Rothko's art as Whistlerian is not general, because he is more widely viewed as a seer. His own statements about art never neglected uplift, whereas Whistler is remembered for frivolity. However, the relationship of Whistler and Rothko goes beyond the antithesis of dandy and sage. Whistler's writings, reread today, show an implacable sense of artistic autonomy, in opposition to public expectations of the artist. They have in common their aestheticist disdain for the public and their acute sensibility to the tonal gradation of color. Rothko's paintings, as he feared, are ingratiating as well as majestic; they are as lyrical as they are sublime. He called one of his paintings "Homage to Matisse" and there is no contradiction in the concept of Rothko as a Whistler in the age of Matisse. □

THEATRE

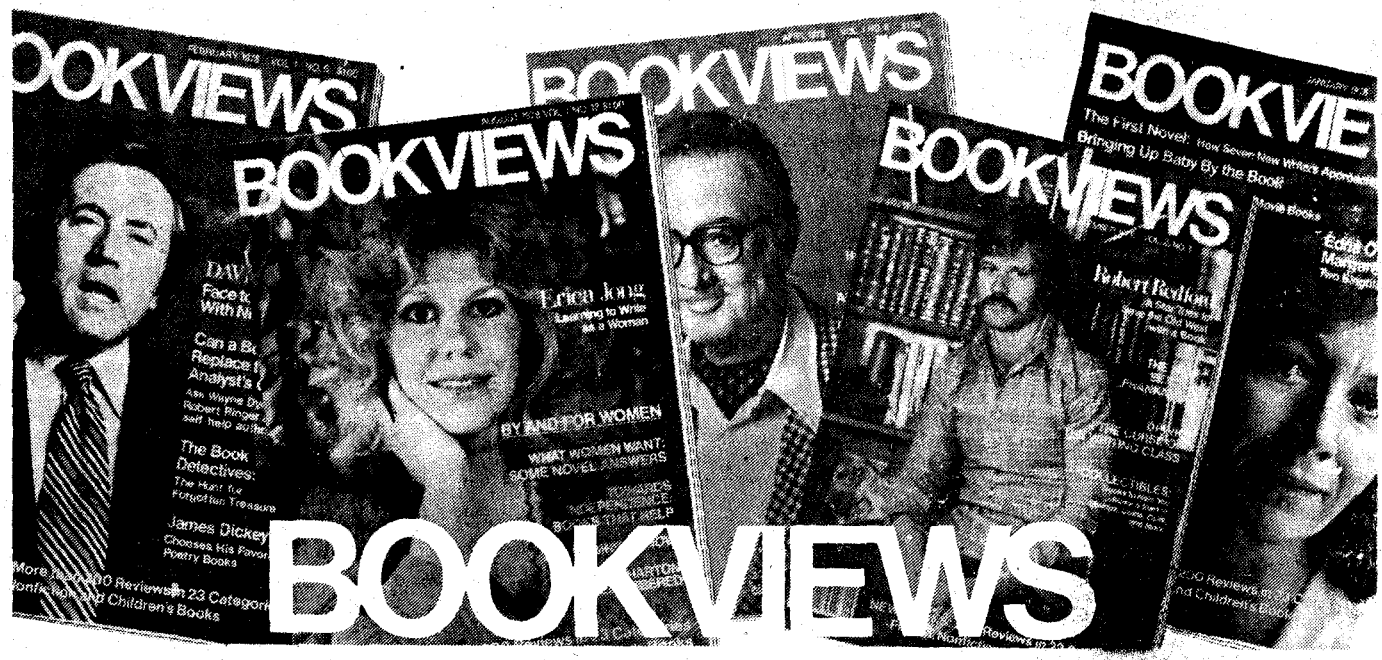
HAROLD CLURMAN

Business on Broadway, theatre professionals boast, has been amazingly good this fall, despite the newspaper strike and the high price of tickets. The volume of production, on the other hand, has fallen to little more than a trickle, and the quality is lamentable. A new musical staged at the cost of more than $1.5 million is almost totally without talent.

Is the theatre then dead or dying? Not at all; it has simply moved to other parts, as if in hiding. I refer to the multitude of playhouses off-Off Broadway and to regions outside New York. No one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If books are your pleasure, smile!



puts the whole world in your hand.

Here's a magazine for people like you, who know the pleasure a book can bring. Armchair explorers. And lunchtime historians. People for whom summer isn't summer without the latest novel. Hobbyists with a hammer in one hand and a how-to book in the other. Readers exploring Middle Earth for the first time. Or rediscovering the turbulent streets of Dickens's London.

It's called BOOKVIEWS. Month after month, this entertaining new magazine will take you behind the scenes of the ever-changing world of books—and the people who make it what it is.

Meet your favorite writers, informally!

You'll find delightful, revealing interviews with today's best-known authors—William F. Buckley, Erica Jong, Gore Vidal, Jill Robinson, Robert Ludlum, John Gardner. And also with the brilliant new writers who are just now exploding into prominence—Fran Lebowitz, John Irving, and Ken Follett.

If it has to do with books—we cover it!

Each month, BOOKVIEWS brings you articles that approach books, publishing, and the writer's life from fresh, provocative viewpoints. And every issue includes regular monthly departments that tell you what books, both new and old, are most worth your time and money.

TIMELY REVIEWS—Top critics examine 200 new books per issue. For your convenience, reviews are arranged in 23 major categories. And they are always timed to appear when the books actually go on sale in the stores.

MAJOR CRITIQUES of selected books and authors. Like Irwin Shaw's perceptive examination of *The Stories of John Cheever*. And Paul Theroux's review of John Updike's new novel, *The Coup*.

MY BOOKSHELF—Well-known personalities choose favorite books on their specialties. For example, we've had James Michener on travel books...Bill Blass on fashion...Russell Baker on humor...Robert and Jane Coles on books about women.

CLASSIC CORNER—Enlightening fresh looks at great authors of the past and their major works. With up-to-the-minute information on all hardcover and paperbound editions in print.

THE PAPERBACK RACK—Thumbnail reviews of notable current paperbacks—both originals and reprints. A boon for anyone interested in getting the most good reading for the least money!

THE HOLLYWOOD CONNECTION—A monthly run-down or books that are being turned into movies or TV shows, and vice versa. This valuable feature will help you get more out of both your reading *and* your viewing!

BOOK BAG—You might call this a book-oriented "Talk of the Town." Our editors range far and wide, from literary bars to literary teas, publishers' offices, writers' dens—wherever books are loved, written, promoted, or talked about. And they report back to you on what's happening, everywhere.

PLUS: BESTSELLER LISTS (both hardcover and paperback)...LITERARY PUZZLES...AND LOTS MORE!

BOOKVIEWS covers it all! In its reviews, its monthly features, and its special-focus roundups, this magazine helps you find the very best from among the thousands of books published each year. And it fills you in on the current literary scene with a richness no other publication can match.

Save more than 25% with this Special Subscription Offer!

The coupon will bring you a full year—12 monthly issues—of BOOKVIEWS for only $8.95. This represents a saving of $3.05 off the $12 you would have to pay for these same 12 issues at bookstores, major chain department stores, and selected drugstores and newsstands across America.

Since you may cancel at any time and receive a full refund for any unmailed copies, there's really no way you can lose. Except by waiting!

BOOKVIEWS
1180 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10036

Please enter my subscription to BOOKVIEWS for 1 year (12 monthly issues) at $8.95.

☐ Remittance enclosed. ☐ Please bill me

If I should feel at any time that BOOKVIEWS has ceased to be the most entertaining and informative of all book publications, I may cancel my subscription simply by dropping you a note—and receive a full refund for all unmailed copies.

NAME _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reviewer can cover even half their programs. They present some new plays and a host of old ones. That many of these are wanting in merit need not depress us: the bulk of theatre production has always been and always will be defective; that is so with all the arts. What the theatre needs is a greater number of bad plays, so that there may be more good ones!

The only Lillian Hellman play I had never seen was *Days to Come*: I was out of town when it was first done in December 1936. Much was expected of it after Ms. Hellman's initial success in 1934 with *The Children's Hour*. *Days to Come* was given only seven times. It has just been revived at the WPA Theatre, a tiny place at 138 Fifth Avenue.

The packed house was exceptionally enthusiastic. Audiences on such occasions are singularly receptive. They pay a reasonable price—$3—the same amount charged on Broadway for an orchestra seat in 1936. They respect the author; even more, they respect the effort. (It is a pity and a shame that actors off-Off Broadway receive no salary, that the managements are very meagerly "subsidized." Everything reflects an honorable penury.) One's expectations are modest; the performance is not a commodity in competition. Relaxed, we watch the play in decent anticipation.

Ms. Hellman has certainly written better plays than *Days to Come*, yet I found it interesting for a variety of reasons, even for its faults. For a start, it is about something real, something that matters. At the time of its original showing, it must have been regarded chiefly as a play about capital and labor, a "strike play." It offers the usual setup of a wealthy, more or less genteel Ohio family, owners of a brush factory; its loyal workers; an upright union leader; the benevolent but weak boss; his unfeeling partner, and the gangsters hired to bring in strike-breakers. There is an adventitious crime, a calculated outbreak of violence, the death of a child due to police brutality. These are the melodramatic trappings typical of too many plays of the 1930s. They are not false: all this is representative enough of what was or had been happening in the earlier days of the period.

Ms. Hellman's treatment of these materials is conventional because they are basically foreign to her experience. She gathered information from newspapers, special reports, political discussions, meetings that were prevalent at the time. Hindsight—our knowledge of what Ms. Hellman would subsequently write—reveals that *Days to Come* is not mainly concerned with the industrial warfare which is the "stuff" of her story for the first two acts.

The play's theme, Ms. Hellman's essential preoccupation, comes to light (too late) in the third act. She is a dramatist-critic of the well-to-do, semi-educated middle-class American family. Dependent on an ample and secure income, undisturbed by and largely ignorant of the world around them, members of this class exist in unquestioned comfort till the foundations of their economic support are threatened. Then the nullity of their inner lives, the lack of genuine values of mind or spirit, grow frighteningly clear, bewildering and oppressive to them, though possibly liberating to a few. They are adrift in an empty universe, provoking a psychological chaos in which, whether they are of good or destructive nature, they must perforce behave like fools or knaves. They are automatons of a society which they have never really examined or understood. They barely recognize their own identity. They become a citizenry of the maimed.

The play's flaw is that its plot does not wholly convey its intended meaning or creative impulse. Yet because we do finally realize what these are, the play takes on a measure of dignity, a promise that greater technical assurance through further practice will give Ms. Hellman her individual tone.

The company at the WPA Theatre gives the play a projection sufficient in intelligent vivacity to command our attention throughout. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Dance-going New Yorkers know that they live at the crossroads of the world, and sometimes the knowledge makes them edgy. They want their pride to be taught a thing or two, these good democrats, and perhaps they seek the pleasures of genuine discovery. What might have been the perfect answer came along in late October, when the San Francisco Ballet visited New York for the first time in thirteen years. Founded in 1932, it is the oldest ballet troupe in America. Each of the three Christensen brothers, collectively the pioneers of ballet in the American West, has been attached to the company at some point in its life; Lew Christensen, in the 1930s George Balanchine's first American premier *danseur*, still directs the San Francisco Ballet.

The good will emanating from audiences at the Brooklyn Academy of Music during the company's two-week stay there was almost as thick as that billowing through the halls of the Metropolitan Opera last July, when it housed the Performing Arts Group from the People's Republic of China. Disenchantment was more profound in Brooklyn, primarily because the San Francisco Ballet is a serious operation in concept while the program in "Chineseiana" was a joke. The San Franciscans define ballet in its truest form: its repertory contains a gratifyingly large number of virtuoso pieces and, back home at least, a healthy number of Balanchine ballets. In the end, however, the company merely confirmed what seasoned dance-goers already knew—gladly in one case and critically in all others. Considering the novelty of the season, it was downbeat.

Followers of the New York City Ballet from the 1950s fondly remember *Con Amore* as well as *Filling Station*; they knew before the San Francisco troupe arrived, that Lew Christensen was a gifted choreographer and a uniquely sunny humorist. They found out in Brooklyn that *Con Amore*'s status has changed. What had been a perfect foil to the troubled humors of Jerome Robbins's work, what was, and is, a delightful change of pace in any context, is the masterpiece of the repertory San Francisco brought here. With due respect to *Con Amore*'s fine pacing and musical aptness (Rossini), and to its capacities as a vehicle for star dancers (Jacques d'Amboise, Edward Villella and Janet Reed among them), its rank of masterpiece more accurately describes the rest of the repertory than its own stature.

The more pleasing aspect of the season was to show us that Christensen's humor is rampant. *Il Distratto*, a New York premiere, is about the best sendup of Balanchine I've seen. Starting innocently as a "pure-dance work" to Haydn's Sixtieth Symphony, it soon begins to tease the Balanchinian interest in isolation of body parts. It ends up as a jamboree satire on all kinds of Balanchine signatures. Many choreographers have inserted into their comedies a couple of *Four Temperaments* hieroglyphics and called it a day. Within a few minutes Christensen takes on at least a half-dozen ballets and a couple of emblematic situations, such as the lone man versus umpteen women bit.

What makes *Il Distratto* the outstanding example of its kind is its ascending momentum. Satiric intent sneaks into the fabric and, once established, lets loose. By the time it is over, one can regard the first movement, with its dutiful replications of musical repeats, not as competent quasi-Balanchine but as a sly comment on Balanchine. The end of *Il Distratto* is always dying to tell one more joke and it does. I enjoyed the way Christensen's humor also bubbles up in *Divertissement d'Auber*, a straight vir-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tuoso number. It happens in the sacred adagio, when the ballerina's cavalier not only supports her but rearranges her so that she'll look more glamorous. Male as back-seat purveyor of female beauty is the convention being satirized here.

That a resoundingly dull ballerina was the object of beautification was the sad aspect of this otherwise merry dance, and illustrates the most alarming aspect of the San Francisco Ballet. Diana Weber might be prototypic, but all the dancers are prissy. Backs, arms and necks are ramrod stiff. Legs are cemented to the hips; never do they take on a life of their own. Faces are set in prefigured emotion, like the lightboard that automatically signals blue for the adagio and pink for the allegro. Some might call their deportment proper for proper classic line; a body flying across the boundary line in the exuberance of the moment, as an aspiration toward grandeur, or as a response to music, is deemed by some to be indiscreet, vulgar. For others, myself included, it's precisely in such moments that the dancer reveals him or herself as living tissue, sometimes an artist.

The Joffrey dancers also work according to an elementary textbook, and perhaps it is because the San Francisco season coincided with the Joffrey that this style of performance loomed as a nationwide threat. Even dancers who have resisted the propriety virus in the past eventually succumb if they're pushed that way. For here was an ex-Joffrey dancer, once notable for her frank show of energy (one of the few Joffrey dancers who refused to be pinned down), now tiptoeing through the flowers. Susan Magno is still the most accomplished of the San Francisco women, but her growth has been retarded. For that, she could have stayed where she was. David McNaughton is a natural charmer and seems naturally inclined to robust attack, but one wonders if he too will be slapped on the wrist in works less overtly showy than *Divertissement d'Auber*.

Other ballets in the repertory, such as Michael Smuin's *Quattro a Verdi* and Christensen's *Stravinsky Pas de Deux*, are decent enough showpieces choreographically, but could not get a rise out of their performers. When still other ballets were not shocking us with their inanity (John McFall's party games to parts of Beethoven quartets and Smuin's hokey Japanese number, *Shinju*) or being duly filed away in the Mahler and Stravinsky and *Romeo and Juliet* envelopes, they were being squelched by artistic policy. If the performance factor raises more hackles than the choreographic factor, it is because the first is willed and the second is in the hands of the gods.

Steven Paxton used to be one of Merce Cunningham's stellar dancers; now he is interested in improvisation and in teaching nondancers how to communicate with one another through movement, which he has dubbed Contact Improvisation. The shift from theatre to game therapy is typical of one contingent of ex-Cunninghamites, but Paxton is not the most renegade of the pack. Judging from a recent improvisation he shared with percussionist-vocalist David Moss, called *Backwater: Twosome*, Paxton is still a terrific dancer. One could not say so if he had forsaken the principle of virtuosity he learned from Cunningham. His improvised movements were studies in agility and balance. He spent a lot of time sprinting between sitting and standing and kneeling, and more time spiraling his trunk into oddly shaped cantilevers. His relish for difficult movement and his innate sensuality should make him an expressive dancer. That quality is conspicuously lacking, its absence easily attributable to the Paxton persona. He cultivates a dull countenance. When it is juxtaposed with the pixie charm of Moss, riffling through his den of shiny gongs, drums and cymbals like a cook through his spice rack, Paxton's face seems downright hostile. Then too, Paxton seemed bent on disavowing spontaneous contact with Moss, even though improvisation is obviously the name of the game. At one point Moss stepped into the dancing space, undulating a flat board so that it whistled low. The surprise and mysteriousness of the sound, as well as the humor of Moss's pudgy body undulating along with the board, brought smiles to everyone but the person to whom it was addressed. I found myself wondering how such a rejecting personality, to use the lingo of the Cunningham breakaways, could gain the trust of students in the stressful situation of improvisation, until Paxton casually broke out of performance and asked the audience what time it was. Suddenly, his face and neck acquired muscle tone and other signs of life.

I think there is another way, too, of accounting for Paxton's flatness. Although his motions are rhythmically variable, his brand of dynamics is slushy. Unlike traditional forms of theatrical dance, where the dancer's precision bespeaks a tension just short of its limit, Paxton's movement is throwaway in feel, chancy to the point of haphazardness. That is why his dancing falls into the school of natural movement (even though the man in the street would fall down doing his stuff) and why, in the final analysis, he belongs with the Cunningham reactors. When Paxton dances he is neither cocked nor in repose. He imitates the general din of street life. It is an aesthetic stance not nearly as effective, or believable, as Cunningham's dance-by-chance. □

Indigenous Music

NAT HENTOFF

When I was in the seventh grade, and for the first time had to go clear across town to school, I was fortified for the trip every morning by a disc jockey who played a recording by a man who was having such a good time swinging the piano and jiving that his spirit was unfailingly infectious. It was Fats Waller, and the song was *Your Feet's Too Big* which this disc jockey played at quarter to eight every day for months. I was already obsessed with jazz, collecting Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith and "Peetie" Wheatstraw ("the devil's son-in-law"). I hadn't paid much attention to Waller because he wasn't "serious" enough (some Boston Latin School boys were far too solemn). But Fats taught me to loosen up.

As I picked up more of his recordings, I discovered, of course, that he was one of the more formidable two-handed, orchestral pianists in the Harlem "stride" tradition. Starting at 16, Waller had been a disciple of James P. Johnson who later said approvingly that Fats had "developed a lovely, singing tone, a large melodic expression and, being the son of a preacher, he had fervor." He also had the most highly developed sense of parody of any jazz singer, before or since. Fats abhorred the treacly sentimentality of most pop songs of the time (though there was abundant romantic sensibility in some of his own). Accordingly, he would skewer the more banal lyrics with savage glee—swinging with powerful ease all the while.

The Waller irreverence broke through most notably one night when, in the depth of the depression, he was doing a radio remote from the plush Panther Room in Chicago's Sherman Hotel. After the announcer had come on with a jubilant ode to the good life in this refuge for the rich, Fats was heard, quite audibly, saying to the audience at large, "My, my, I wonder what the poor people are doing tonight? I'd like to be doing it with them."

In my last year of high school, I came upon some French recordings of Fats on the organ. There were no vocals. The mood, by and large, was reflective, sometimes somber, and the improvisations—some based on spirituals—were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extraordinarily inventive melodic variations. Long, finely spun lines, suffused with a deeply lyrical seriousness. The next year, diffident, I asked Waller for an interview for my college paper. He was, as I might have expected, uncommonly generous—with his time, with his memories, with his feelings. He mentioned a plan to make more organ recordings, as well as some long compositions he had in mind. However, he waved a large hand, he didn't expect much would come of either. "I got to feed my face," he told me, "and people don't want to pay for that sort of thing."

Gene "Honey Bear" Sedric, a tenor saxophonist who was with Waller for many years, told me after Fats had died that, many times, when they were on a job, Waller had wanted to stretch out on piano, and maybe even bring in an organ. "But when he played as musically as he could," Sedric said, "many people in the audience would think that he was lying down and they'd yell, 'Come on, Fats!' He'd take a swig of gin or something and say resignedly, 'Aw right, here it is.' "

Waller, however, was by no means a tragic figure. Though disappointed musically, in some respects, he was a man who hugely enjoyed life. "Fats liked to ball," Sedric recalled with some wonder at the gargantuan appetites of his former leader. "He'd go three or four days without sleep and then go to bed for forty-eight hours." And the gusto in his music, even when he felt he could have played so much more, was authentic. As Louis Armstrong said when Fats was gone, "Right now, every time someone mentions Fats Waller's name, why you can see the grins on all the faces, as if to say, 'Yea, yea, yea, Fats is a solid sender, ain't he?"

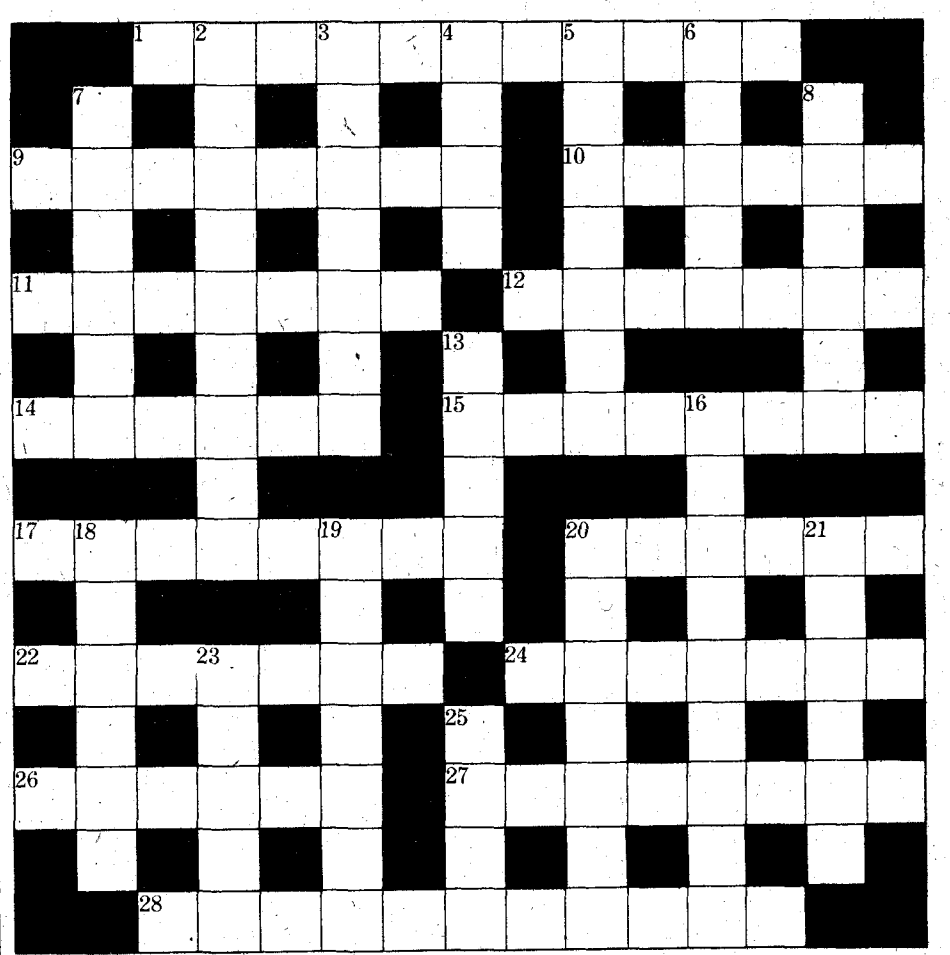
How solid and yet buoyant a sender he was is evident in a new RCA reissue, *Fats Waller/A Legendary Performer. Your Feet's Too Big* is here, along with the mysteriously tart and poignant *Jitterbug Waltz*, and a resplendent virtuoso piano piece, *Handful of Keys*. Also included are such perennial Waller standards as *Ain't Misbehavin'* and *Honeysuckle Rose*.

The best available collection is the four-volume, *One Never Knows, Do One?/The Best of Fats Waller* (Book-of-the-Month Records). Although there is only one organ track, there are many probing piano solo performances as well as a robust diversity of small combo numbers with flavorful vocals by Fats. (The set is available to nonmembers of the Book-of-the-Month Club. For information, write Book-of-the-Month Records, Camp Hill, Pa. 17012.)

When Fats entered a place, Louis Armstrong said, "you could see a gladness in people's faces." His music still has that effect. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1750

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Commit a crime, as 14 does. (5,3,3)
9 So? It would have to be spiny! (8)
10 Is one rid of it, when pressed? (6)
11 One way to produce letters for different clients. (7)
12 See 7 down
14 Proving money is common in Virginia and Pennsylvania. (6)
15 An old server, such as a doughboy might have been. (8)
17 What memory does, if Dali is right. (8)
20 and 4 down Rather informal neckwear, unfortunately seen during wartime. (10)
22 A quiet, concise representation of the facts about what Mr. Stanley did. (7)
24 In a little drink, I'd find it flat. (7)
26 Charm of a false name, alternatively. (6)
27 Sounds like Brooklynese for what a sloth might be, or an arboreal salientian. (4,4)
28 If people are at the store during off hours, one hopes employees rather than robbers are involved. (6,5)

DOWN

2 Sort of reels around the sort of lights again. (9)
3 Boil, in a way, in what's left of the fire you have to do away with. (7)
4 See 20 across.
5 One has a refined taste to call for a cut of pie with salt, perhaps. (7)
6 A good place to put hay high up. (5)
7 and 12 across One might be 28, and thus 1. (6,7)
8 Move back. (6)
13 Stow and cache a portmanteau, for example. (5)
16 Is CIA's cut sort of intellectually dishonest? (9)
18 It's only human to act so with a worker of the old traveling type. (6)
19 Arum is a sort of it—though here more associated with the orient. (7)
20 Scan the original words and the writing directly connected with a given passage. (7)
21 Creature with a thin plate which is upside-down. (6)
23 One of my uncles has a degree connected with the dance. (5)
25 A 21 might be unaccompanied. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1749

ACROSS: 1 Flotsam; 5 Apricot; 9 Glazier; 10 Pintado; 11 Equal; 12 Heightens; 14 Oils; 15 Rubicon; 18 and 23 across Viewing; 20 End; 21 Infield; 26 Ebullient; 28 Cease; 29 Aniline; 30 Raiders; 31 Dredged; 32 Diagram. DOWN: 1 Fugues; 2 Opaque; 3 Still life; 4 and 18 down Martha's Vineyard; 5 Applier; 6 Ranch; 7 Coalesce; 8 Thousand; 13 Pin; 16 Bone china; 17 One; 19 Effusive; 22 Deep end; 23 Watered; 24 Career; 25 Jetsam; 27 Lying.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIEDS.

Go National with The Nation's Classifieds: You can reach a large audience of discriminating, educated and concerned readers throughout the United States at very reasonable rates. We charge $3 per line (45 characters or spaces)—two line minimum. Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for three insertions of your ad, and we will print a fourth insertion free! Please enclose payment and send to Amy Wilentz c/o The Nation.

PUBLICATIONS

DOCTORAL THESIS: WOMEN ABUSED by Dr/Dentist: Harmful drugs/seduction/sexual assault. Share info. Survey. Research, 2509 Ave. K, Bklyn, NY 11210.

"**TECHNOCRACY**—Technological Social Design" available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives Marxist viewpoint on national and international news. Special 6-week trial subscription, $1. Full year $17. GUARDIAN, Dept. N, 33 West 17th Street, New York City 10011.

FREE INFLATION NEWSLETTER. Washington lawyer tells the truth about inflation, and how to really protect yourself. **INFLATIONWATCH**, 4501 Connecticut Ave., N.W. #806, Washington, D.C. 20008.

CLASS STRUGGLE AND LATIN AMERICA: for a comprehensive analysis read **Latin American Perspectives.** Recent issues on Peru; Women; Dependency; Puerto Rico. $12 a year; $3.50 current issue. P.O. Box 792, Riverside, CA 92502.

NEED READERS? If you want to reach people who care about the nation, try The Nation's classifieds.

PAUL GOODMAN'S POLITICAL, psychological, and literary essays. $11.95 each, hardbound; or $32 for the set of 3. From Bellows Distribution, P.O. Box 782, Rochester, MN 55901.

LITERARY SERVICES

PLAYWRIGHTS—Produced playwright, director, teacher of play-writing, will evaluate your script's strengths and weaknesses—help you decide where to go from here. Rates: Up to 50 pages—$20; 50-90 pp.—$30; full length—$50. Mail script and SASE to: Playwrights Service, Box 492 Midwood Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230.

The Nation's Best Crossword Puzzles

Book #4 is now out. Send $3.50 (postpaid) to E.S. Lewis, 35 Main St., Apt. 1, Fairhaven, Mass. 02719. Or send $8 for a set of all four books by Frank Lewis.

EDITORIAL SERVICES—Free-lance rewrite, editing, proofreading. 212-287-0026 or write Nation, Box 122.

THE VOYAGE OUT. I'm looking for either the 1920 Harcourt, Brace edition or the Hogarth Press edition of this Virginia Woolf novel. If you have any info, please write Nation, Box 74. Price negotiable.

CATALOGS

CHAMBER MUSIC FURNITURE: hardwood stands, benches, accessories. Traditional elegant designs. Free catalog: Early Music Stands, Drawer 995, P.O. Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302.

"BOOKS FOR THE MAN OF ACTION"

SURVIVAL/DEADLY COMBAT/SELF-DEFENSE/WILDERNESS LIVING/GUERILLA WARFARE. Best catalogue in its field, $1.00. Ken Hale (P-100), McDonald, Ohio 44437.

POETRY

WITH HOW SAD STEPS, O MOON, thou climb'st the skies. Sign up for the Sad Poets Series. Nation, Box 11.

EMPLOYMENT

PROFESSIONAL TYPIST seeks employment. Freelance typing and tape transcription. Experienced high speed typist-stenographer. Pickup and delivery available. NYC. Call (212) 744-5935.

RADCLIFFE GRAD, BA ENGLISH, library experience, extensive knowledge of broadcasting history. Excellent writing skills, seeks literary or television employment. Write Nation, Box 203.

COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICES—Experienced photographer and teacher. Studio or location. Instruction available for all ages. Bob Helmond, 212-284-4079 or write Nation, Box 124.

LOST AND FOUND

WHERE CAN IT BE? VOLUME 113 of The Nation (Jan. 1-June 31, 1922) is missing from The Nation's library. Anyone willing to give or sell this volume to us please contact Karen Wilcox at The Nation, 212-242-8400.

APARTMENT WANTED

ARTIST NEEDS LOFT anywhere in NYC, as soon as possible. Lots of space and light; cooperative or rent—not more than $20,000. Call Mr. Sorel at 688-3986.

MUSIC

MALVINA LIVES . . .through her fine & loving music. Books, records, free brochure available from Schroder Music, 2027 Parker, Berkeley, CA 94704. New children's album, "MAGICAL SONGS," $7 postpaid.

ARE
YOU
BUYING
OR
SELLING
REAL ESTATE?
ADVERTISE
IN
THE NATION.

PERSONALS

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Est. 1970. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

DEEP THROAT WANTED: Anybody with information on the tobacco companies' efforts to gear up for the inevitable legalization of marijuana. Call 212-781-8214 after 9 p.m. All information will be held in strict confidence.

CULTURED SINGLES CLUB: A touch of class. Discriminating singles anxious to meet you. Box 342136 Coral Gables, Fla. 33134.

FOREIGN MAN, scion of renowned family; with impeccable humanistic background. Once very idealistic & humane hard-core communist. Utterly disillusioned with "proletariat." Pathologically contemptuous of socially mobile hustling class. Seeks a woman of quality. Write Nation, Box 210.

NATION SUBSCRIBERS:

Take part in The Nation's novel subscription-building campaign. Invite like-minded friends to your home to subscribe to The Nation and meet The Nation's Publisher, Editor, and well-known authors. Write Karen Polk at The Nation for further information.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Pitney Bowes No. 502 Copy Machine. Call Ann Epstein: 212-242-8400.

GAMES

FAMILY BOARDGAMES about cooperation, Mother Nature, self-sufficiency: BACK TO THE FARM, NECTAR COLLECTOR, SAVE THE WHALES. Free Catalog. Animal Town Game Co. PO 2002, Santa Barbara, CA 93120.

MISCELLANEOUS

'THE PRESS AND THE BAY OF PIGS'
A detailed study by
Victor Bernstein and Jesse Gordon
Single copies—15¢; 25 copies at 10¢ each
Orders over 25 at 7¢ per copy
THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

HAVE A MAGICIAN at your next party. Perfect for children. Shows range anywhere from 35 minutes to 1 hour. Reasonable rates. Nation Box 17.

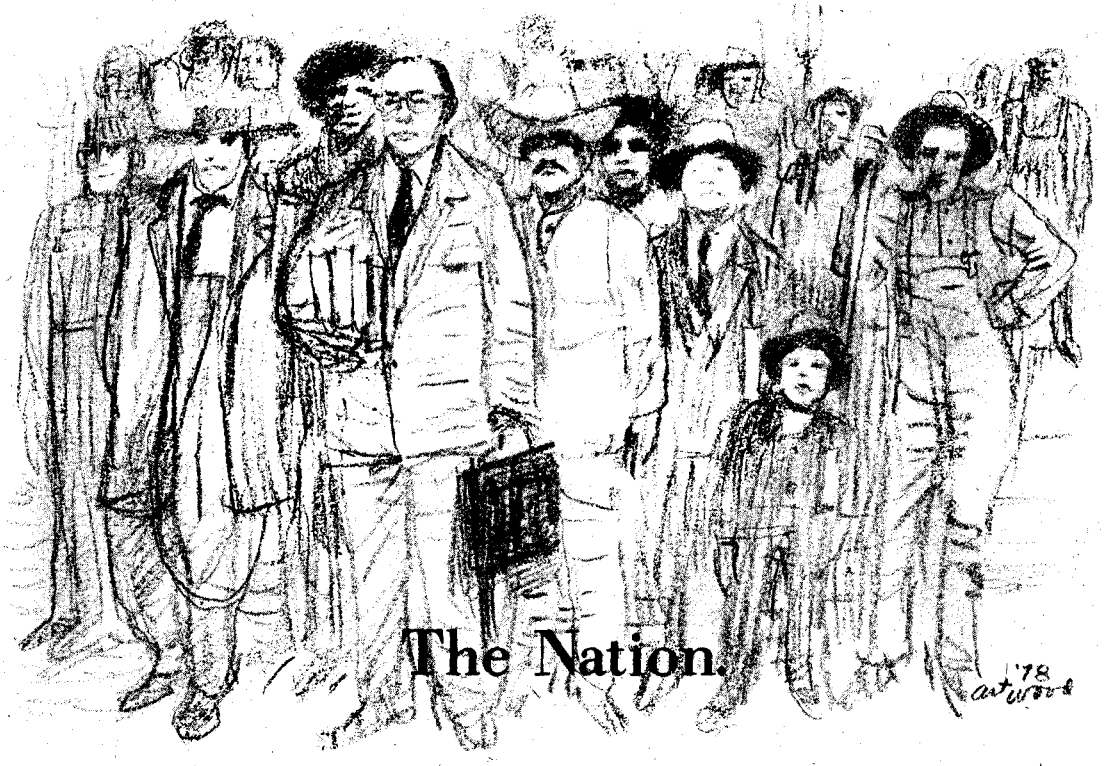
WANTED: Humorous articles, sketches, essays, stories, etc., for a high-school humor mag. Send to The Nation, Box 3.

CLASSIFIED

$3.00 per line/2 line minimum;
6 words [45 characters or spaces] per line.
Payment must accompany all orders.
Send to Classified Dept., The Nation,
333 Sixth Avenue, NYC 10014.

X-523

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Nation.

Cordially invites you to attend a
Reception and Dinner
celebrating
CAREY McWILLIAMS and His World

Wednesday, November 29, 1978

Reception 6 p.m. Fountain Court
Dinner 7 p.m. Grand Ballroom
Dress optional

The Biltmore Hotel
Madison Avenue at 43rd Street New York City

DINNER PROGRAM

MOE FONER, Celebration Co-Chairman
Executive Secretary
National Union of Hospital and Health Care Employees

STUDS TERKEL *introducing:*

JAMES G. ABOUREZK
Senator from South Dakota

JULES FEIFFER
Writer, Cartoonist

DOLORES HUERTA
First Vice-President,
United Farm Workers of America

CLARENCE MITCHELL, Jr.
Director, Washington Bureau, NAACP

I. F. STONE
Former Washington Editor,
THE NATION

Dramatic Reading by
LUIS VALDEZ
Playwright, Director

Songs by
TOM GLAZER
Composer, Singer

☐ Please reserve____dinner tickets at $100 each
____tables at $1,000 each

☐ I would like my ticket to include a complimentary subscription to *The Nation.*

☐ I cannot attend but am enclosing a contribution of $_____.

☐ I would like my name to be listed among a group saluting Carey McWilliams to be printed in both the dinner program and *The Nation.* (Cost is an additional $30 for each name.) Deadline: November 17.

☐ Enclosed is my check for a total of $_____.

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please make checks payable to: The Nation-McWilliams Dinner
333 Sixth Avenue
New York, New York 10014
(212) 242-8400

Wednesday,
November 29, 1978

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED